BRITANNIA and Eve

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1954

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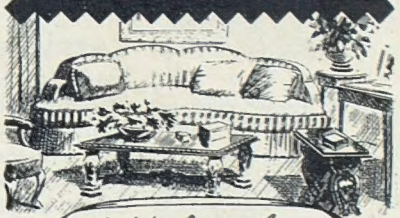

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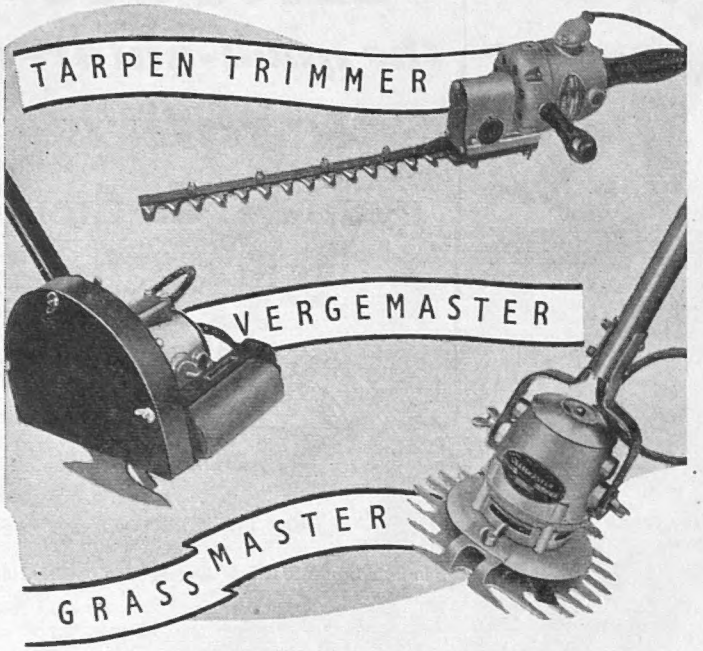

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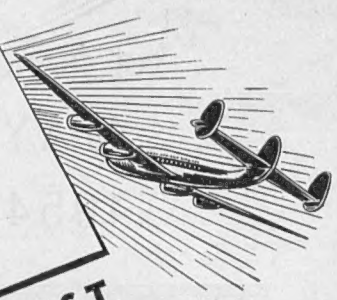

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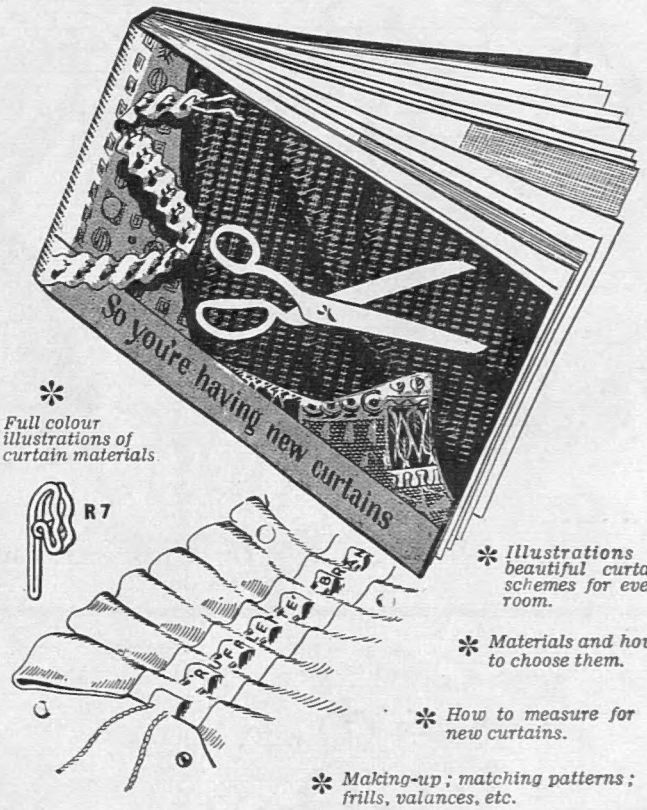

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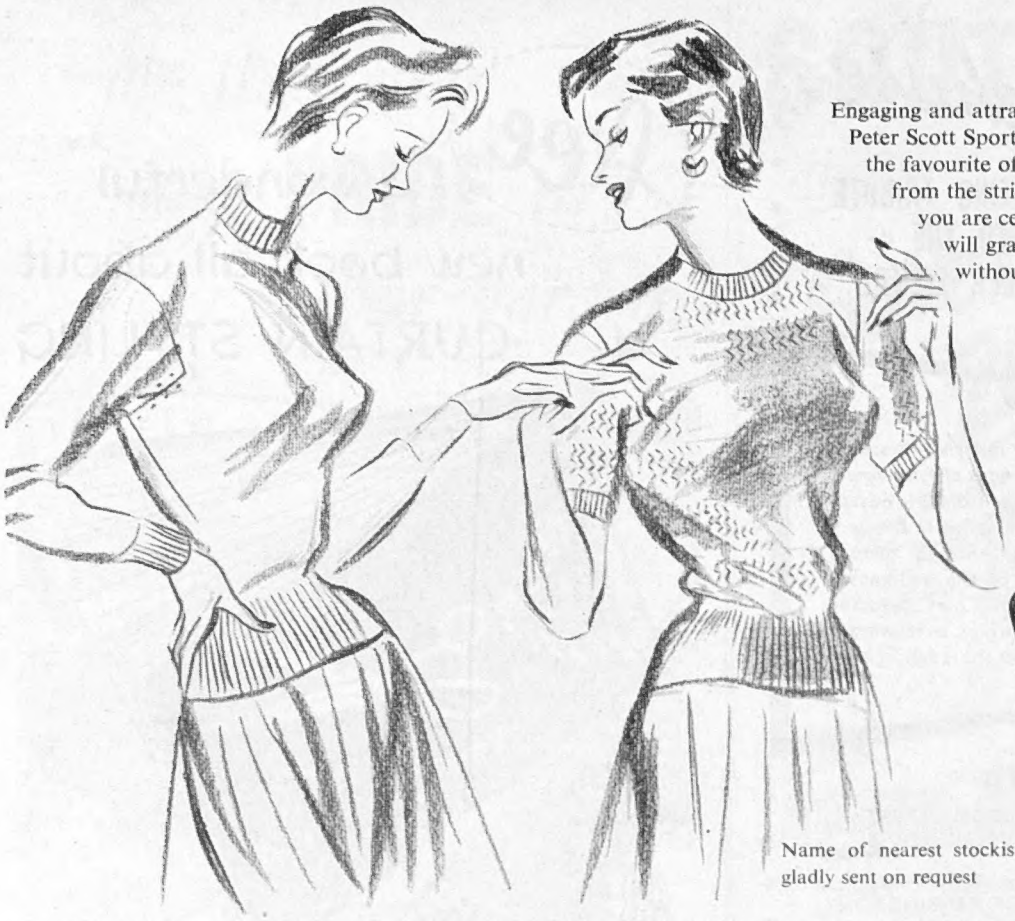

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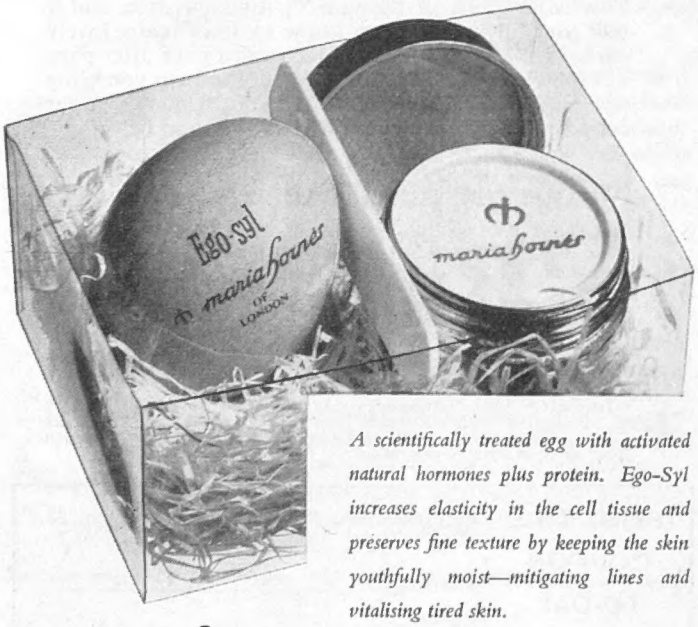

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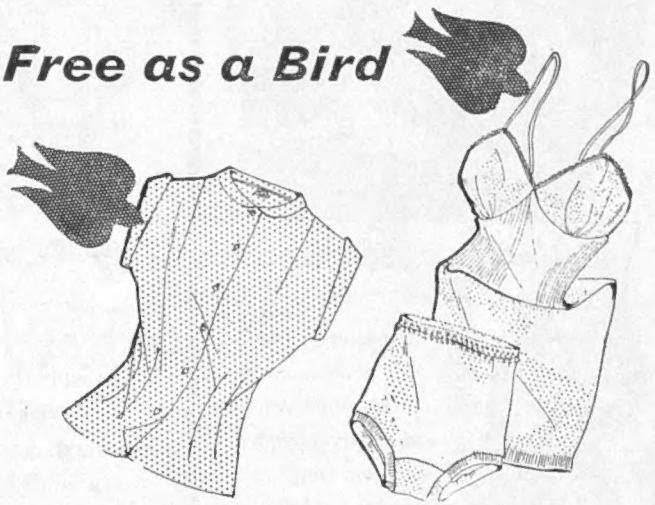

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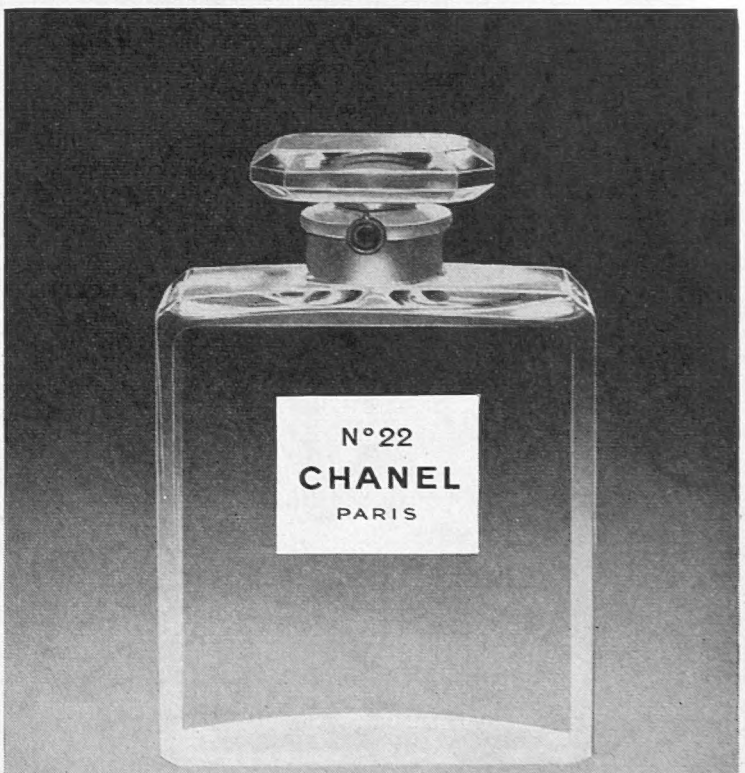

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Too Like A Fairy Tale

By ALEC WAUGH

Illustrations by PAT KENDRICK

"TELL me another story, please."

She was eight years old, wheedling and pretty and persistent. Her mother yielded.

"Right, but only one. Once there was a prince . . ."

"No, not about a prince, a real story."

"Real stories are so dull."

"Not if they are about real people; about you and Daddy, say; tell me about how you met."

"We've told you that. Wartime London, the bombing and the black-out."

"You've never told me how he proposed."

"I'm not so certain that he ever did."

"You mean you proposed to him?'

"No, not quite that."

"Oh, Mummy, tell me."

Her mother smiled and across twelve years she could hear her father remarking casually at breakfast: "By the way, I met that young Canadian of yours yesterday. He came into my office to get his passport stamped."

"Why did he do that?"

"He's been ordered overseas."

On her plate was a half-eaten mackerel. Fish for breakfast was a luxury in London in March 1941. She was due at her ambulance station in forty

"If you would rather be shouted at in a smoky night club, then let 's go there and shout," he said

minutes, for a long stretch of duty. If she got lunch at all, she would get it late. But she was no longer hungry. She pushed back her chair.

"Good-bye, Daddy, I must rush, and if that young man looks in again wish him good luck from me," she said.

And that was that, she thought.

Thank heavens she had a full day's work ahead. She could not have endured the vacuum of a morning off. A run to Portsmouth was the very job for a day when one had things to brood upon.

Not that she had a great deal to remember. It was three months since she had seen him, and it was only twice that they had met after that first afternoon at the officers' Thé Dansant at Grosvenor House. She had gone there reluctantly, on the insistence of a friend. "It may sound awful. But it isn't really," she had been assured. "There'll be three hundred there, a good many Free French and Poles. Besides, there 's the duty point of view. All these officers stationed in the dreariest places come up on leave to London, and what is there for them to do on a Sunday? We owe it to them to go."

She had gone expecting to be bored and, on the whole, she had been bored. She was tired after a long spell of duty. Her French was weak and she had a succession of French partners. It was at the very end of the afternoon that she had met Clem Howard. She had enjoyed dancing with him. He was the right height for her. He was lean and supple and moved rhythmically. She had liked his voice and, though he must have been close on thirty, there was a youthfulness about him that she found engaging. They danced a couple of times and had a gimlet at the bar, but he made so little impression on her that she had some difficulty in identifying the authorship of a letter that reached her three days later.

"DEAR MISS STEPHENS [the letter ran], I so enjoyed meeting you last Sunday. I wonder if there is any likelihood of your being there on Sunday week. I 'm expecting to be in London then, and if you are going to be at Grosvenor House, I shall certainly make a point of going there."

Her first impulse was to write a polite refusal. Something, however, in the letter touched her. Life must be incredibly dreary for him, a Canadian in a country that he scarcely knew. He must be lonely. If he hadn't been lonely, he would never have bothered to write to a casually-met stranger at a Sunday tea dance. No, she had to do something about this letter. She hesitated, then an idea struck her.

She looked up at her father across the breakfast table.

"I 've met rather a nice Canadian officer," she said. "He doesn't seem to know anybody over here. Don't you think it would be a good idea if I brought him round to supper?"

It was a great success : one of those occasions that get off on the right foot from the very start.

In the foyer at Grosvenor House there was a dense crowd round the desk where tables were allotted, but before she had time to decide which queue to join, a hand was upon her elbow.

" It 's all right," he said. " I 've got your ticket. I 've found your table. I 've put myself at it."

" That all sounds very efficient."

" I can be efficient when I choose."

There was a great boyish grin across his face. He was not handsome. He was scarcely good-looking even, but there was a glow about him—a glow of vitality and health—a sense of adventure—of being the kind of person to whom things happened. She gave him a quick, appraising look. Fancy her not having noticed it before.

And fancy, she was to think ten minutes later, her not having realised what good company he was. For he was good company, excellently so. From the very start he kept her interested and amused. Talked to her about himself—of how this was his first visit to what he described as " the old country." He was an engineer. He had crossed to Europe for his trip there, just before the war broke out. When the war began he had felt that the quickest way to get into the war was to enlist in England instead of going home.

" And the business I had getting into your Army, too," he said. " Three months it took me. And then I was sent on a course to learn stuff in which I could have instructed any one of the instructors."

AN Englishman talking like that would have seemed conceited, but Clem Howard seemed to be doing no more than express a natural and proper confidence in his own capacities.

On it went, a varied and amusing narrative, till the taxi-cab was within two minutes of her father's flat. Then suddenly his manner changed.

" It 's no good," he said. " I 've lost my nerve. There 's no use my pretending that I haven't."

" Whatever about ? "

There was a contagious atmosphere about the party—she even found herself enjoying the stamp-collector's conversation

"Meeting your family."

"You're not meeting my family. There'll be only my father there."

"That's quite enough for anyone as shy as me."

"Shy! You! I shouldn't have thought you knew what the word meant."

"That's all you know. I'm the shyest person in the world."

"You conceal it very well."

"That's just technique." He hesitated. "If one has a weakness, one makes an armour for it."

But he could not have been an easier guest. He got on with her father from the start. Her father had been attached to a Canadian Division during the first war. They soon found that they had friends in common. The talk went so easily that they were still sitting over the table when Clem announced that he must be leaving. "So soon?" her father said.

"Last trains are last trains, sir."

"I know, my boy, I know. You must come earlier another time. Come to lunch first. Now see that he does that, my dear."

"I will, Daddy."

She followed him into the hall to say good-bye.

"It's been my happiest day since I landed here," he said. "I can't begin to tell you what it's meant to me."

His voice had dropped a tone. His thumb moved its pressure gently against her hand. "He's going to kiss me," she thought. With one part of herself she hoped he would, with another—the larger part—she hoped he wouldn't. It was so very much the obvious thing to do that it could not mean much to him if he did.

He didn't.

"Listen," he said. "These last two times I've just been up on the Sunday for the day, but I'm due for forty-eight hours' leave soon. Couldn't we make a real Saturday night of it?"

* * *

HE came up a fortnight later. On the Saturday afternoon a spray of orchids accompanied a card across which was scrawled: "Have been counting hours for the last 300 hours."

He took her to Quaglino's. He was in the highest spirits. He had booked one of the raised tables beside the band. "So that we can get a good view," he said.

They arrived so early that there were only two other couples in the cocktail lounge. "Fine," he said. "Now we can order our dinner quietly and we can eat it quietly while the rest are ordering theirs. Then we'll have an empty floor to dance on."

In days of rationing there was not a great choice of dishes, but he could not have taken more trouble over the selection of his dinner if a pre-war menu had been set before him. (*Continued on page* 68.)

Going Down with the Jones'

by GRETA LAMB

WE middling ones who straddle the waste ground between the working and upper classes seem to be neither fish nor fowl.

Strangely, we seem to be more class conscious than we were before the war : actually, of course, the classes are now as mixed up as a fruit salad. There used to be " the poor " and " the rich," with us sandwiched somewhere in between. Now the rich move into their own stables and the poor rootle about in cars and wear out their eyes peering into television sets.

This up-and-comingness of the workers (as if *we* sit and twiddle our thumbs all day !), this invading of our territory, has forced us out into a no-man's-land—so where do we go ? We haven't the money or éclat to jump the queue into society, but we are not enamoured of the idea of being lumped with the " lower orders."

I make no apology for thus harping on classes. They exist and, not being ostrich ideologists, we might as well recognise them.

If we are snobs, our snobbery has been forced upon us. As a kind of defence mechanism we have developed a new inverted snobbery of our own ; we rather glory in being the new dispossessed. Instead of the old struggle of Keeping Up with the Jones', we now, wryly enough, play the game of Going Down with the Jones' !

We are in good company. Most of us have had to sell our old faithful cars, cannot afford a maid, and are deeply grateful when our char invites us into her esoteric circle of crystal-gazers. Instead of the mannered boarding-schools we went to, and fondly hoped our children would follow on, we see them off daily to the State school, with qualms for their accents and morbid fears as to what they may " pick up," having no clear idea whether we fear moral, spiritual or social contamination. The children don't seem to mind : what they have never had they cannot possibly imagine. And—hurtfully—they are hilariously indifferent to our stories of Georgian mansions and gentle living against a serene, cultured background. They bring home Daph and Bert and revel in their friendship.

WE are grudgingly grateful for rich cousins' cast-off clothes and sigh over the superb tweeds and Fair Isle sweaters we had hoped for our offspring. When we go to the cinema it is to the cheaper seats, confettied by the toffee papers of the new rich in the balcony above.

I think it is natural that we should feel disgruntled when we realise that our parents had so many more worldly goods than we can afford on incomes probably less than half ours are to-day.

Little dinner-parties we gave before the war swim before our eyes. We can almost smell the pheasant that was cooked by one pair of hands and served by another. Nowadays we cannot give the most modest of dinner-parties and—if we (*Continued on page 71*)

" Most of us have had to sell our old faithful cars, cannot afford a maid, and are deeply grateful when our char invites us into her esoteric circle of crystal-gazers "

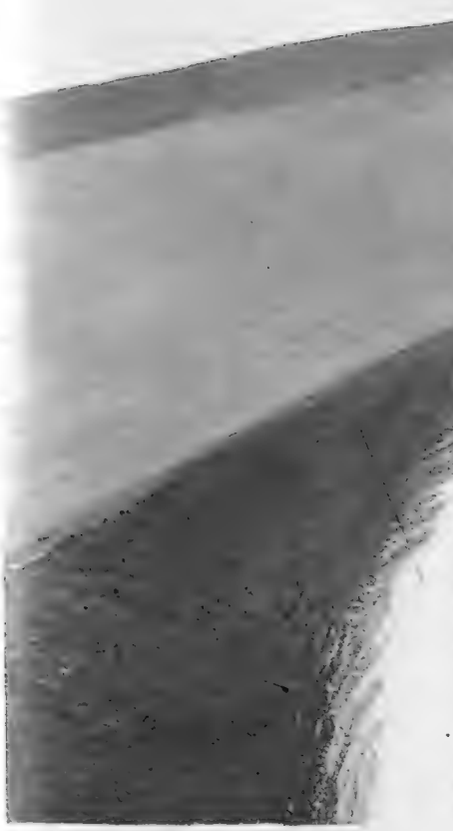
Illustration by JANE HARVEY

"With All Worldly

My Goods..."

Life to-day is a social mix-up, with class distinctions growing less and less defined. But does this mean that you can marry out of your own station with a better chance of success than was once the case?

By BARBARA CARTLAND



The author of this article, so well known as writer, playwright and lecturer, had her fiftieth novel, "Elizabethan Lover," published last year. In private life she is Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale. She has three children—two sons, Ian and Glen, who are both at school, and a daughter, Raine, who is married to Mr. Gerald Legge

"THE road to success," says a cynic, "is crowded with women pushing their husbands ahead."

It is true enough that nine out of ten successful men will gladly admit that they "owe it all to the little woman." Perhaps the words are sometimes a cue for her to simper "Nonsense, dear!", but men know that credit must be given for services rendered.

This well-known recipe for worldly success via wifely care has a strange result to-day. Heiresses, even the daughters of American business tycoons so beloved of playwrights and novelists, are in short supply. But women with brains as well as beauty are more plentiful than ever. The result is that many a level-headed and heart-rational young man hunts a fortune by wooing a girl who can help him get ahead.

Influence has replaced the dowry. The daughter of a prominent politician or exalted member of the hierarchy in a nationalised industry has something far more precious than rubies. She has a double ticket to success. Compared with the blonde who is dumb but rich, the brainy brunette of the right family—right in the post-war sense of the word—is the best "buy" in the modern marriage market.

On the other hand, this idea of making marriage an adventure as well as a love-match is enthusiastically welcomed by the feminine members of the younger generation.

Few business men whose position merits the aid of a personal secretary but whose life insurance policy describes them as single can really claim to be safe while that efficient young lady herself remains single.

"She married her boss" is such a common occurrence to-day that it no longer merits a headline. On every typist's desk there rests an invisible document: a marriage certificate.

The survivors of a more conventional age may regret the situation, but there is little they can do about it. When love allies itself to intelligence the two-fold force is irresistible. On the whole, one may say objectively that this mixing of the social strata in modern marriage is "a good thing."

It proves that this is not quite the mundane age of the Common Man after all. A healthy class-consciousness exists, and if one level is daring enough to ally itself with another above or below, then the different grades are not so likely to be merged as strengthened.

In any event, there is really nothing new about it. Women have always regarded marriage as the supreme adventure of life. If the imagined lover-to-be is not to-day Prince Charming, he can be just as glamorous if his claim to distinction is that his name appears in the Directory of Directors.

I do not think I am unduly biassed in favour of my own sex if I suggest that the feminine temperament is far more flexible than the masculine mentality. The result is that a woman can invariably and with comparative ease rise to her husband's social level.

D. H. Lawrence, in making Lady Chatterly's love-affair a tawdry, earthy interlude with bathos as the result, was psychologically right. The Duchess's daughter who marries the under-gardener is a tragic character. Her Grace's son, in wedding the scullery-maid, may be the leading actor in a comedy or a romance. It is unlikely to be a tragedy.

OF course it can happen. I recall some years ago meeting a brilliant emigré from Europe. He was very poor but very ambitious. By the outbreak of war he was world-famous and has since received honours for his services to his adopted country.

He climbed the social ladder with dexterity and ease. Unfortunately, his wife was unable to match his progress. He patiently maintained her in the suite of a West End hotel, which she contrived to turn into a replica of the tenement she had once known as home, including a line of washing which she insisted on draping across the sitting-room.

Such an instance is the exception to prove the rule. A good wife can take her place wherever her husband's career may lead her.

I know a woman in Scotland whose rigid observance of tradition and convention has revived much of the glorious ceremonial and proud living of the ancient clan of which her husband is a descendant. Visitors to the Edinburgh Festival rightly consider it an honour to be invited to one or two of the functions she (*Continued on page 72*)

It makes me *Mad!*

"Why can't THEY do something about it?" you exclaim in exasperation a dozen times a day. So Rona Marshall put it to THEM, on your behalf, and these are the answers she was given.

"I CAN'T *think* why they don't make . . ."

The number of times you must have said that in your kitchen laying the table, making the bed. . . . Well, why *don't* they make things the common-sense way to cut out the irritations of the daily round, which could be so easily removed, it would seem, if the people who make things would use a little common sense? Is it because they don't care about the customer's point of view? Is it because most firms are ruled by men without imagination? Or is it because nobody has ever told them?

I have been trying to find out just why nobody does anything about my pet grouses—and yours. And in nearly every case there is an excuse; in some cases, a reason, even though it may not sound very plausible to you and me.

Why is it so many sheets sold as "full size" just will not stay tucked in at the bottom of the bed and *turn over the blankets at the top as well?*

The excuse: Fashion, Madam. There has been a change in bed fashions, and more people now are buying divans. Those who stick to beds are buying spring interior mattresses for them—mattresses which, like those on divans, are twice as thick as older types. So, bigger sheets have to be used to reach under the thicker mattresses. The answer is to make sure, when buying new sheets for modern beds, that they are 108 ins. long and wider than the sort you have used in the past. Remember, too, of course, that there are several popular widths of bed, so that the width size is equally important. "Full size" means nothing unless it says what the size is.

Saucepans will *tip over on most gas-stoves. Can't they make non-tip saucepans?*

This trouble usually arises on the older types of stove, where it was assumed heavy iron pots and enamel saucepans would be in use. Light-weight aluminium utensils being normal to-day, the new stoves are being designed to take care of this tipping problem. Some of the newer saucepans have a pouring lip *both* sides (to give balance) and are broader at the base than formerly, with more upright sides.

It seems the height of stupidity to have to call your foot a different size according to whether you are buying stockings or shoes. Why not one measurement for both?

The idea has been mooted a number of times, but the men in the shoe trade always turn it down because, they say, women will never go in and ask for a size ten shoe because they have a 10-in. foot. Yet those same men are serving customers with size ten—and even eleven—stockings!

Why are stockings not generally available in a variety of leg-lengths and widths to suit everybody?

Some firms are now making three lengths of leg in all their stockings, and some are making two or three leg fittings. But they cannot make up their minds how many pairs of each sort to make, and the shops cannot advise them. They stick to average as far as possible, and make the shops take assorted lots, so it is a matter of luck, very often, whether you get what you want or not.

(*Continued on page* 72)

THE Damaged Heart

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Illustrations by KOOLMAN

NORMAN GRAHAM ADAMS adored his mother with a controlled exasperation.

On the occasion of a summons after his weekly visit he saw that she was up to something, and realized that whatever she was up to would probably take place.

Only once had Angela's dynamic powers, her skilful subterfuges, backed by her preserved and delicate beauty, *not* got the better of her only son, and that was when—over her dead body almost—he had insisted on marrying Vivien. Even her doctor, an intelligent scientist, had expected Angela to die. But Angela had not died. She was even present at the wedding, and everyone, except Norman, thought her a far more beautiful and attractive figure than that of the young bride.

It was not only that his mother knew she was right—she so often *was* right. Even when a near miss—like Norman's marriage—took the place of a direct hit, the mountains of concealing spray, and the shock of the explosion, shook Norman's judgment awry.

He began to feel his judgment shake under him now when Angela said in her gentlest and most caressing voice :

"Dearest, a most wonderful thing has happened. Your cousin Henrietta has decided to come and live with me ! You've been so beautiful to me always, feeling my loneliness as if it were your own, and giving up so much of your precious time to me ! Dear Vivien, too, has been most generous in sharing you with me—my *real* daughter as I always tell people, not my daughter-in-law. Well, now your minds can be at rest ! Vivien is sure to take to Henrietta, and I know

you love your cousin already nearly as much as I do!"

There was a pause. Norman *did* love Henrietta, but not, he knew, for the things his mother saw in her. Norman could *talk* to Henrietta. She not only was often wrong, but she accepted fallibility as the human lot. She even sometimes gloried in it.

Both women were rich as well as respectable. Angela was austerely religious, an Anglo-Catholic, fervent in her love for her church, and taking part in all its activities; while Henrietta was broader-minded, and relaxed about this world and the next. She attended her much more indefinite church, but not if it rained or she had too many letters to write. Henrietta was, however, as enthusiastic about her human affections as Angela was, though a strong flavour of common sense sustained her against disillusion, and prevented her feelings from carrying her—or the objects of her affections—off their feet.

THE two elderly women were not only cousins, they had been school mates, and were life-long friends. Both springing from old Southern families, they had wisely married Northerners with great business capacities. Each was a famous hostess, Angela in Washington, D.C., Henrietta in Rome. No one knew how much either of them had loved their husbands; but while both were meticulously faithful wives and became equally faithful widows, Angela had found no difficulty at all in not looking beyond her marriage vows, while Henrietta, though far less beautiful, had been considerably tempted.

Angela's husband had died in early middle life, but not before he had amassed a considerable fortune. Henrietta had lived a cup and ball existence between poverty and riches. Her husband both lost and won fortunes. He was a mercurial, neurotic man, always on the verge of physical or mental breakdowns; and he finished by blowing his brains out during the great Depression.

Henrietta was no worse off, however, since, in one of his more prosperous moments, she had persuaded her husband to settle a fortune upon her and his children, and had not allowed him subsequently to touch it.

Henrietta's three daughters, Norman now reminded himself, wouldn't be in the way, since they were all satisfactorily married, and off Henrietta's fond, but capable, hands.

"But Mother," Norman ventured at last, after so long a pause that his mother raised faintly reproachful eyebrows, "are you quite sure you want Henrietta to *live* with you? I know what tremendous friends you have always been, and you're both of you such wonderful house-keepers, but this—well, this'll be *your* home, not cousin Henrietta's!"

"My dearest boy, all that I possess," his mother incorrectly told him, "I have always been willing to share! Henrietta will have her own rooms, of course, and I shall keep mine; she would not wish it otherwise. She has her Italian maid, Beppina, and fortunately my Marie Céleste is quite fond of her. Henrietta and I will entertain by turns. I don't suppose she will find Alphonse *less* good a cook than her Luigi; besides, she wasn't going to bring Luigi over; her other servants—so heartless of them, though rather convenient as it happens—prefer to remain in Rome; but she will bring her car and Alfredo. I have always thought that we Anglo-Saxons should study the art of living together as practised by the French.

"FRENCH families manage beautifully, all the in-laws under the same roof, leading their own lives, sometimes of course very regrettably—*double* ones—but the French are not, I think as *naturally* moral as we are! I know this idea didn't appeal to your dear Vivien, so I never even suggested it to her, for ourselves. But Henrietta and I spend months together every year and there has never been the edge of a leaf's difference between us. All this trouble about Hitler—in spite of dear Mr. Chamberlain's wonderful good sense—does make it seem far *wiser* for Henrietta to give up Europe for the next few years. Most sensibly she invested her money on this side, so even if there is a war there will be no financial difficulty. Of course I know Mussolini is quite different from Hitler. Henrietta has found him most considerate. He *likes* having well off Americans living in Italy, and now that the trains. . . ."

"Yes, Mother, I know all about the trains being on time,"

Angela carefully prepared Henrietta for her meeting with Vivien. "You know, darling," she said, "I always say that I have never wholly *lost* Norman through his rather premature marriage"

Norman impatiently broke in, "but that doesn't stop the whole country being turned into an arsenal; even the peasant girls wear tanks embroidered on their handkerchiefs, and little boys are put in black, and trained to death and murder from six years old!"

"But you hardly ever *see* a beggar, dear," his mother reminded him, "think of that in Italy; and so much more hygienic; and then that dreadful Mafia society is completely wiped out!"

"Supplanted," murmured Norman beneath his breath; aloud he said, "well, darling, of course if it's all settled I can only say that I shall be delighted to see Henrietta; and it is true that I hate to think of you living all alone in this big house."

Norman glanced round at the spacious, temperate room in which his mother spent the greater part of her well

organized life. It would be a wonderful room to loot, but it was somehow, he felt, hardly a room to share. The furniture was French of the best period, a pale, harmonious Aubusson spread its flowered pattern under his mother's feet. There was a small Turner and a delicious Corot on the walls. A glass table with a shaded lamp behind it, in exactly the right place, held vases beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and richly contrasted dahlias; while in front of them stood a low trough full of dark, sweet-scented violets.

HIS mother arranged flowers so that each one seemed to be exactly where it chose, and yet mysterious, to partake of the fastidious and determined personality that had placed it there. Norman reminded himself that his mother never attempted a skill that she had not acquired, and might be trusted not to take a path which she could not safely follow. Still, when he reached home, he said to his wife:

"I can't help thinking they may find it a little difficult. They're both so extraordinarily unselfish and good, and yet in a sense they've always had their own way about everything!"

His wife looked at him feeling his thoughts—as wives often feel—should be accepted for the emotion behind them rather than from their content.

"Well," she said consideringly, "I know they're both angelic, and that in Jacob's dream angels ascended and descended their ladder without tripping each other up. Still I can't help also remembering that when Jacob actually *met* an angel, the angel gave him such a kick that it left him lame for the rest of his life. I don't know what Henrietta is like, of course; but your mother (*Continued on page* 64)

Dress by Jacques Fath

The *Paris* Lead . . .

Go As You Please . . .

Wear a wide skirt or a stem; reveal your waist or hide it; don a morsel of a hat or a cartwheel. Paris approves them all

BUT, whatever you do, wear blue. It can be the colour of a baby's bonnet strings, an Italian sky or a seaman's blouse. Run the gamut from pastel to deepest navy, but be sure to wear blue.

This was the colour that ran through all the French collections. Dior calls his own individual choice of shade Bleu de Paris; Fath and Balmain repeatedly combine sky blue with the delicate pink of almond blossoms.

The fashion queen of 1954 is a lass with a delicate air. The fact that she is mad about the navy makes her no less so. She wears sailor collars, but how feminine they are. She affects a monster reproduction of the "silk" which the tar ties under his collar; she tops it all off with a straw boater but the effect is gay and pretty and—there is a snag here for some of us—little-girlish.

Dior declares it a season of beads. Large coloured glass beads were strung in rows around the models' necks. Day dresses, as well as evening, were a-glimmer with beads, matching with their background colour.

Jacques Fath throws all the weight of his influence upon whaleboning, though I doubt if you and I will be putting ourselves into the tiny cages that Monsieur Fath considers proper. Never since the first Elizabeth has the female torso been so rigidly entombed as in the Fath collection where suits as well as day and evening dresses were, as one might say, clamped to the figure with whalebone set into little channels in the material on the *outside* of the garment. The effect is more becoming than imagination suggests, but where are the dressmakers who can cope with such intricacies of fitting and sewing?

THIS summer's most endearing and adaptable Paris fashion for average people is the print coat. Your summer cottons must have matching duster coats, and why not? Home sewers can make them with ease as they need no lining.

For summer evening wear, garden parties, Ascot and all similar specials Dior has dreamed up the transparent coat which, unless I miss my guess, will capture every feminine heart. Not unlike a man's raincoat in its cut (it has a vent at the back) this beguiling bit of nonsense is made in any sheer material, but the real secret of its appeal lies in the effect of one colour showing through another. Dior puts an orange organza coat over an afternoon dress of charcoal. Lovely and unusual, perhaps too much so for average use. For yourself, imagine misty grey over pink, navy over white, lavender blue over purple? Heavenly for a wedding!

So that's the story. Sailor collars; low-set shoulders; slender figure defining lines or pinched waists springing into parachute skirts; print coats to match your dresses; shoes with Louis heels. Go as you please with these, Madame, but, *don't forget*, wear blue.

Dior— All at Sea

Dior's sophisticated sailor girl is Spring's fashion queen. Here she is in her blouse-topped dress of fine navy wool; its essential insignia —a softly-cut knotted sailor collar and a decided leather belt: its complement—a cartwheel boater, worn straight

The Paris Lead . . .

"Prettiness"

Balmain reconciles the two lines—casual and corseted—in his horseshoe-collared silk coat and wide-sashed stem of a dress

Paris decrees that evening dresses shall be filmy and *bouffant*. *Dessés* tops yards of honey tulle with a sari-bordered overskirt

English roses, large and misty, drift across *Dior's* diaphanous chiffon: on the shoulder, a 3-D rose; at the waist, a kid belt

Fath's braced silhouette at its best: the vertical button line and cape give extra *panache* to his clear-cut tweed suit

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Pick your Cottons early . . .

An endearing cotton to add to your summer wardrobe: a canoe-necked poplin to meet the sun coolly wherever you are. A Henley model by Bijou, £3 10s., at D. H. Evans, London, and Heelas, Reading.

An entrancing dress—halter-necked, in Paisley-printed marcella piqué, with straw-fringed mantilla, entirely washable. Rembrandt, at Eve Valère, Knightsbridge, 8½ guineas, and Maryon, Bournemouth.

Cotton ticking in a new rôle: fresh, navy-and-white striped, it deserved to come into the open. *Left*: Blazer and ankle-buttoned slacks.

Centre: The blazer worn with a straight skirt—note the flap pockets on both, borrowed from men's waistcoats. By Estrava, blazer, £2 17s. 6d., slacks £1 13s. 9d., skirt, £1 9s. 6d., at Pemberthy, Oxford Street.

A tropical blaze of oranges illumines this beach outfit of Everglaze straw-cloth, cellophane trimmed; matching sun-shorts underneath. By Teddy Tinling, 14 guineas at Harrods; Plummer Roddis, Eastbourne

Accessories for Sunshine

Raffia accessories for the resort clothes in the preceding pages: A huge coolie hat, £1 15s.; natural sandals, £1 8s.; red sandals, £2 3s.; cone bag, £1 5s. From The Eaton Bag Co., Manette Street, W.1. Ascher cotton square in diced blue and white, 16s. 9d., at Marshall and Snelgrove, London and Manchester.
Italian charm bracelet with coloured balls in gilded cages, 15s. 6d., from Le Tricot Elégant, 7a, Shepherd Street, W.1

Illustrations by PHYLLIS STROUDLEY

Summer in Fabrics

The sun will bring out a crop of dresses like flowers this summer, for the creators of fabrics are rivalling the horticulturalists in producing new varieties

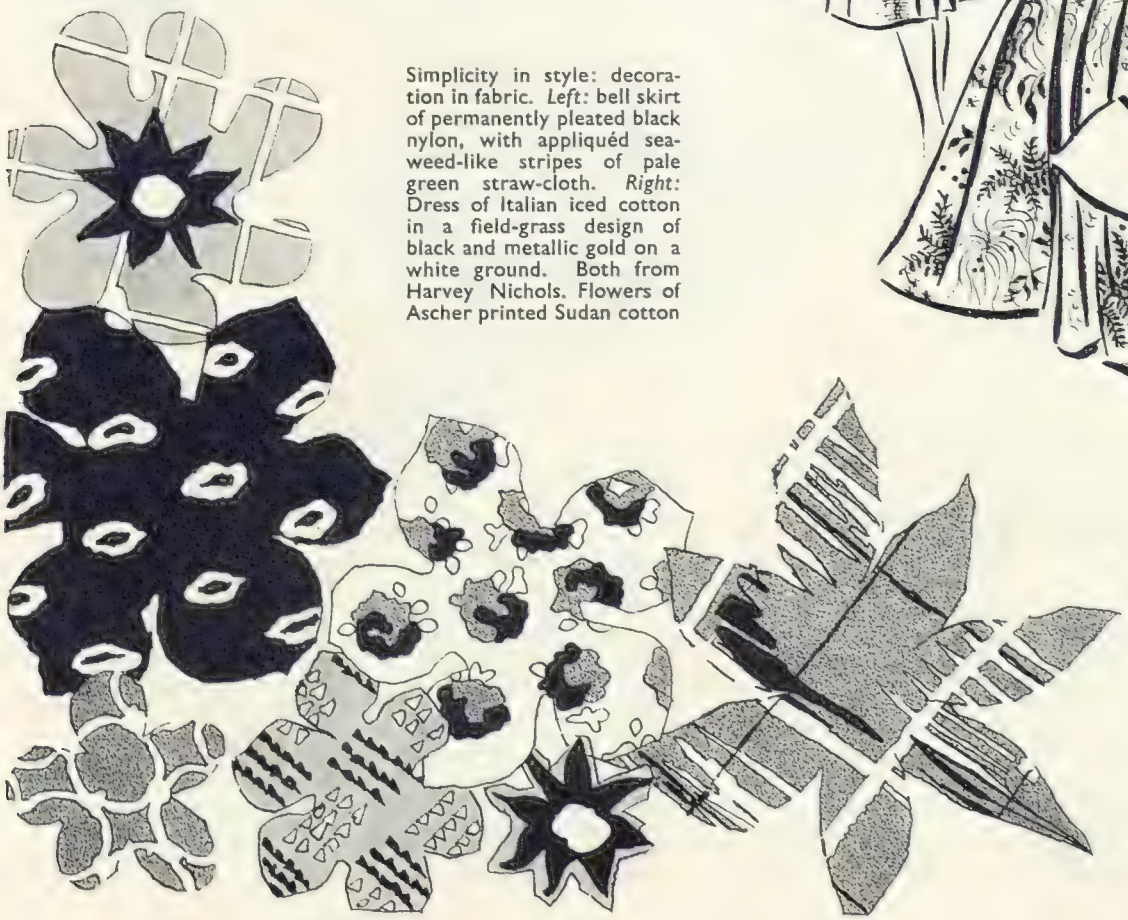
THE inhabitants of Venus, according to one account, wear seamless ski-suits of a very fine woven material with a lustre. On Earth we still need seams, but we are catching up—and may even be out*shining* the Venusians at this moment.

Cotton is our great new luminary: it is being glazed, polished, satinized, jewelled, gilded and overlaid with shiny plastic. The intrinsic virtues of cotton are its toughness, solidity, opaqueness and crispness. It is therefore most suitable for summer days and dressed-down evenings, particularly in England where winds play havoc with flimsy fabrics. Change for the sake of change is far more wearying than those traditions which are founded on suitability, but adventure is a different matter, and the new finishes which exploit the natural advantages of cotton are very welcome and will survive their term of novelty.

One of the most exciting of the new processes is the development of straw cloth, which underlines the open-air, "holiday" personality of cotton, and has an obvious goal in beachwear, for which it has already been used by the more wideawake designers. It gaily combines, also, with orthodox cotton or nylon to pattern and stiffen summer frocks, as shown here. One of the dresses sketched includes metallic gold among the colours of its design. This printing is genuinely washable, and the dull lustre does not look incongruous: the "jewelled" cottons (small rhinestones set into the fabric)—on the other hand—have a hard glitter which appears tawdry by day, sunlight being unkind to overt flashiness. In addition, they may not be dependably washed—and who wants to have a cotton dress dry-cleaned?

The greatest achievement of all is the resin-treated crease-resistance perfected by Everglaze.

Another innovation is glazing on the underside of the fabric, which gives "spring" (*Continued on page* 74)



Simplicity in style: decoration in fabric. *Left:* bell skirt of permanently pleated black nylon, with appliquéd seaweed-like stripes of pale green straw-cloth. *Right:* Dress of Italian iced cotton in a field-grass design of black and metallic gold on a white ground. Both from Harvey Nichols. Flowers of Ascher printed Sudan cotton

Illustrations by

ALEX PORTNER

Two Men and a Promise

When two men get to talking about the meanness of humankind, something is liable to happen!

By CAROLINE RAMSDEN

Illustration by HAILSTONE

IT was while me an' Mike was trapesin' home from the point-to-point that I had me bright idea. We was trudgin' along, wet to our pelts, with the gentry drivin' past in their Rolls-Royces an' shootin' brakes an' Land-Rovers—an' not one of them stoppin' to give a lift to two poor souls who'd been workin' their guts out to serve them all day, for little or no profit.

We'd walked the course two days before the meetin', keepin' our eyes skinned for the spot where we might be most useful; an' it didn't take us long to find it, for they must have been lunatics that made the water jump at a place where the bank of the stream was as treacherous as a bog: Mike only had to land a couple of kicks to have a piece of beautiful green turf slidin' down into the water the way icin'll flake off a cake, an' after that we gave the slope a gentle nudge or two, just to convince ourselves of the foolishness of the experts.

Well, come the day of the races, we spent most of our time by that stream—and couldn't have got ourselves wetter if we'd fallen into it, the way some of the gentry did. We caught four loose horses an' pulled their riders out of the drink, an' all we got for our trouble was a miserable thirty bob, an' the promise of another quid from Major Holly Walmersley—an' *that* we knew we'd never see.

We got over to the car park once or twice, but done no better there. The gentry'd gone to ground; fillin' their cars with steam from their wet clothes an' smoke from their cigarettes till they couldn't see the plight of honest men outside; an' all we got to cheer us was a few sandwiches an' a cup or two of tea with nothin' in it.

Well, as I said, we was gettin' ourselves home, with nothin' but our feet to help us; an' we got talkin' about the shockin' meanness of the human race, which seemed to be extra bad in our district.

"It may be they're savin' up to give us a good do at the Coronation," ses Mike, who's always one to look on the bright side. "I've heard tell there's to be quite a party in the village hall."

"Our journey back through the village was a bit awkward, on account of me havin' to walk close behind Mike as if we was a pair of Siamese twins"

"Yes," I told him. "An' what'll *that* mean? More *tea*, an' buns, an' sandwiches; an' us expected to wash an' shave an' wear collars and ties before we're considered fit to partake of the fine feast."

"There might be a drop of cider," ses Mike.

"So there might—from Sammy Crossland's rotten pub—an' that's weak enough when it comes into the place, before Sammy gets his hosepipe in the barrels."

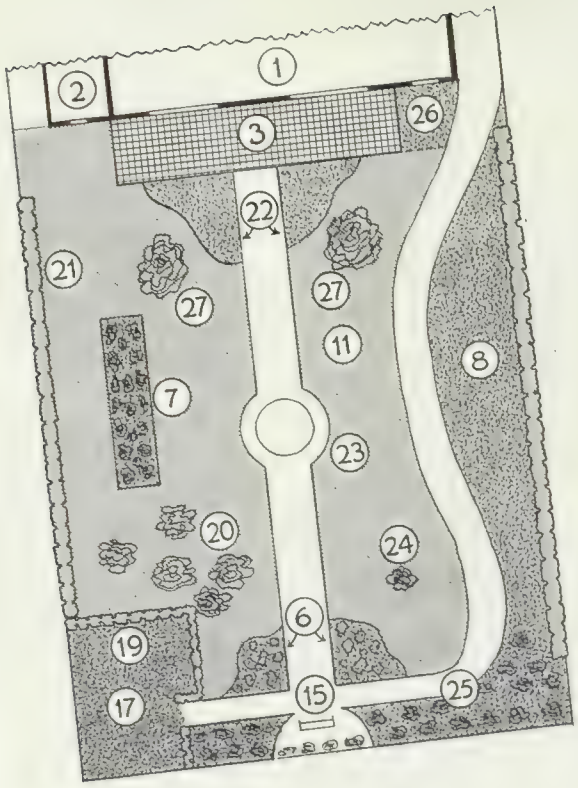
"Squire's said to be takin' a couple of chara-loads to London, to see the procession, an' Mister Brookshaw's riggin' up television in the ballroom at the Bell, so anyone as wants to can have a look. . . ."

It was then that me bright idea came on me.

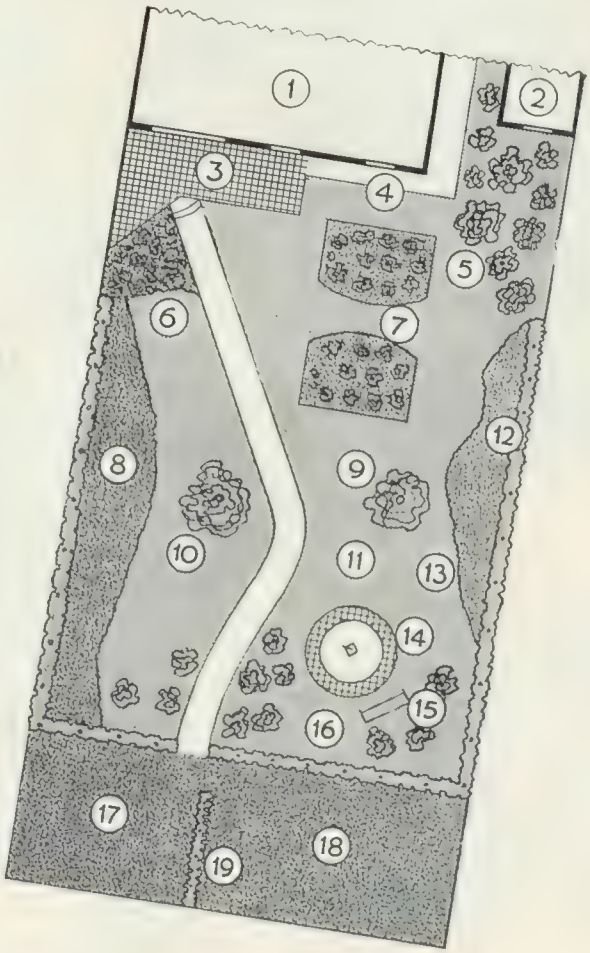
We talked it over from time to time, an' by Coronation Day we'd got it planned to perfection. We're as honest a couple of chaps as you'd meet in a week's march, but we're believers in fair shares. We'd not dream of takin' so much as a penny from a child's money box—unless it happened to be a millionaire's child—but we see no harm in relievin' folk of possessions they'll never miss; for what's the good of havin' somethin' if you don't notice it when you've not got it?

Squire'd arranged to take everyone that worked for him to see the Coronation. Of course one or two had to be left behind, but as far as we could make out, the only person lookin' after the Court itself would be Mrs. Major, the housekeeper.

Now Mrs. M.'s a fine woman, an' she has quite a partiality for Mike, likewise him for her; so our plan was that he should go to the Court—me bein' with him, but not visibly so—at about eleven, an' invite Mrs. M. to stroll along to the Red Lion with him, to drink a (*Continued on page* 73)



Key to the plans below: 1, house; 2, garage; 3, paved area; 4, hard path; 5, trees and shrubs; 6, rock garden; 7, roses; 8, herbaceous border; 9, flowering thorn; 10, silver birch; 11, grass; 12 beech hedge, alternating copper-leaved; 13, annual border; 14, sundial; 15 seat; 16, flowering shrubs; 17, compost, etc.; 18, vegetables and soft fruit; 19, lonicera hedge; 20, silver birches, bulbs beneath; 21, conifer hedge; 22, heathers, etc.; 23, pool or sundial; 24, columnar evergreen; 25, evergreen shrubs; 26, herb garden; 27, flowering cherry. Plan below, looking towards the house, is of the garden, right



By
WILL
INGWERSEN

Two Easy Plans for a Small Garden

Here is garden planning aimed at giving a spacious air, colour and privacy within the restrictions of an oblong plot with the minimum of expense

IN the days when the foundations of England's great gardens were laid, garden design was a spacious art, with a canvas often covering as many acres as the yards which now prevail. But limitations of space do not imply that the necessity for careful planning has disappeared with the broad acres. On the contrary, for, faced with a featureless rectangle of land, most careful thought must be given to designing so that there is at least an illusion of spaciousness, and a measure of privacy. The initial cost of laying out the garden must be kept as low as possible.

In this article I visualize a more or less level strip of ground approximately seventy feet wide with a depth of roughly a hundred feet, on which stands a house and a garage. Some screening from neighbouring houses is wanted and a garden which is attractive at all seasons, and will provide an adequate supply of cut flowers, is the aim.

The keynote of any small garden design should always be simplicity, with steady lines leading away from the house, which is commonly the viewpoint from which the garden is seen. The importance of perspective should never be forgotten; dignified lines leading to a focal point can produce the illusion of space in a surprisingly small area. Herbaceous borders and hedges should, whenever possible, lead into the view rather than be allowed to bisect it. To provide some form of screening at the end of the garden, I prefer the informal planting of evergreen shrubs rather than the hard line of a hedge. In short, no decisive line should be permitted to cross the garden at any point. A carefully placed tree or group of shrubs can very appropriately break a line of vision and suggest unseen spaciousness beyond.

Where possible there should be a paved area adjacent to the house. The width of this pavement should be in proportion to the height of the house. Too narrow will look mean, and too wide will unbalance the picture. Roughly speaking, with a small house, if a line taken at an angle of 45 degrees from the outer edge of the paving reaches to half-way between ground level and the eaves of the house, it will be about right. The paving can be random or rectangular, but to avoid trouble with weeds and to ensure firmness, the stones should be set in cement. Holes left here and there will permit the placing of a few creeping plants, such as thymes, raoulias, saponarias and the like, which will do much to break the severity of the stonework as they creep over its surface.

HERE, in the area adjoining the house, make provision if possible at the base of a wall with a warm, sunny aspect, for a narrow border in which to plant such things as the winter-flowering *Iris stylosa*, autumn-flowering *Nerine Bowdenii*, and many other delights which can be enjoyed when the main part of the garden may be less attractive.

A problem corner in many gardens of the type we are considering is the narrow space so frequently found at the side of the house. This is almost (*Continued on page 75*)

Step-by-step instructions for making the pelmet, chintz curtains and delightful frilled bedspread in the picture below and the divan cover illustrated on the opposite page, are in the accompanying article

Amateur with a Sewing Machine

By AGNES M. MIALL

You can make your own curtains and bedcovers and give them the finished look of the professional job by following our expert's instructions below

THE PIPED AND FRILLED BEDSPREAD

THE attractive frilled bedspread in the colour picture depends for its appearance on neat fitting and ample frilling. This is how to make it, assuming the bed to be a single one (6 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft.) with the upper edge of the bed base or frame 11 in. from the ground and the top of the mattress (plus bedclothes) 18 in. from the ground. These measurements are for a 6-in. deep mattress, but some slight adjustment would have to be made for a mattress of greater or lesser depth.

In 48-in. material 5½ yds. of material will be needed (6¾ yd. for a 4-foot bed) with 5½ yds. of medium white piping cord.

Cut the top which is a straight piece of material measuring 76 in. long by 38 in. wide. The left-over strip will do for piping.

Now cut the frill straight across from selvedge to selvedge. The frill strip should be 20 in. wide and a total length of 8 yds. when joined. Seam the strips into one long piece, press the seams and make a 1-in. hem along the bottom edge. Make a 1-in. hem along the bedcover top at the bed-head end.

Before beginning the piping boil the piping cord in a saucepan for five minutes to shrink it and let it dry.

Cut piping strips 1½ in. wide on the bias (exact diagonal of the stuff). Join the strips on the straight thread slantingly, as shown in Fig. 1A, and press the tiny seams flat.

Double the strips lengthwise over the shrunk cord and with matching cotton tack the two thicknesses together close up to the cord. (Fig. 1B). Tack the prepared piping round all unhemmed edges of the bed-top, its raw edges lying flush with those of the top.

Now, to join on the frill. With a pin mark the middle point of each long edge of the bed-top piece, dividing them (with the foot edge) into five approximately 1-yd. lengths. Then divide the top edge of the frill into five 1½-yd. lengths. Gather each frill section on a separate thread to fit its bed-top section. Pin the gathered frill to sides and foot of the bed-top, over the piping, with all raw edges flush (Fig. 1B). Overcast all these edges together with large stitches, which serve both as tacking and seam neatening. Seam frill and top together close up to the cord, removing each pin only as you reach it.

THE CHINTZ CURTAINS

THE charming Rosebank bouquet pattern is printed on white with a dominating rose colour which matches with the bedspread. It pays abundantly to line curtains. The double fabric hangs so gracefully in rich, rounded folds. Lining material protects the more expensive material from damage wrought by fading, dirt and wear and it gives much greater substance to cheaper material.

Here is how to make the long bedroom curtains in our picture. They should end about 2 in. above the floor. Measure this length and add 4 in. for turnings.

Calculate the window width each curtain must cover and add half as much again to give graceful fullness when drawn across. Large windows may need more than one width, perhaps another half-width. Thus, if each curtain of a pair must finish 2½ yd. long and 60 in. wide, three times 2½ yd. will be needed, the third length being split vertically and half joined to each full width. With turnings, allow 8 yd. Reckon similarly for lining, but with only 3 in. of turnings.

Before cutting, square the material edges accurately. First seam widths together (if more than one is used) and press seams flat. Cut the lining 1 in. shorter and seam widths together. Stitch a hem (*Continued on page* 36)

This neat and practical two-piece divan cover consists of a permanent under-mattress cover, with valance in Rosebank striped cotton attached, and a daytime cover which can be whipped off at night, leaving the bed base still attractively frilled all round. Instructions for making the striped curtains and bedhead cover are also in the article

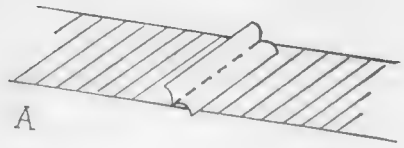
(*Continued from page* 35)

2 in. deep along the base of the curtain and a 1-in. hem along the lining.

Locking makes curtain and lining hang beautifully as one fabric. To lock, lay the curtain out flat and smooth, wrong side uppermost. Lay over it the lining, right side uppermost, with its hem finishing 1 in. above the bottom of the curtain hem (Fig. 2). Fold back vertically one-third of the lining only, as shown, and catch the fold to just a thread or two of the curtain beneath with tiny buttonhole stitches made 4 in. apart (2 in. in velvet). Next fold back similarly the other side lining edge and again lock down the new fold. Curtains more than one width wide should be locked three times, *first* down the halfway line, afterwards as above.

Down each side of the curtain fold in single turns 1 in. wide. Crease in turns to face down the lining sides, but with a deeper turn so that they come $\frac{1}{2}$ in. inside the curtain fold (for invisibility when hung). Slipstitch curtain and lining together down these folds.

Check the curtain length. Fold over the top surplus (curtain and lining together) in a single turn. The top will be hidden by the pelmet, so no heading is needed. Lay Rufflette Brand corded curtain tape along $\frac{1}{4}$ in. below the fold and stitch in place all round, clear of the cords. Trim the raw edges, if necessary, so that the tape will cover them. Insert hooks every 3 to 4 in. in the tape pockets and pull up the cords to the window width.



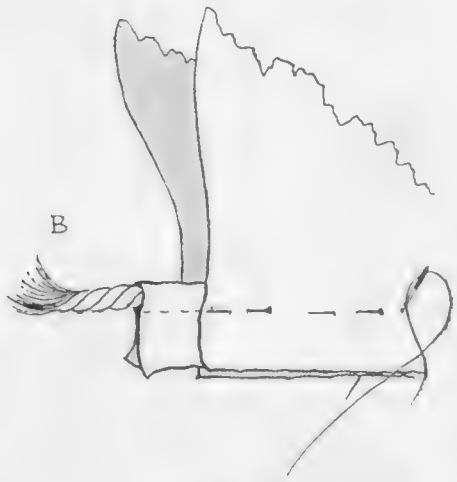


Figure 1

THE PLAIN PELMET

TO make the pelmet, measure the length along the pelmet board from the wall back to the wall, not merely across the window width. You will need this length in upholstery buckram; be sure to get the yellow-brown kind. The pelmet must be deep enough to hide the curtain tops when seen from anywhere in the room and to look well without excluding too much light. Usually about one-sixth of the measurement from board to floor is about right. Test by pinning a strip of paper this depth to the board; make deeper or shallower if required. Cut the buckram interlining without turnings; usually two pelmets can be cut side by side out of the width.

You will need enough of the material, matching or contrasting with the curtains, to cut the buckram size plus 2-in. turnings on all edges; of the lining, the buckram size with 1-in. turnings. A centre seam, well pressed, may be made in either or both materials to economize stuff. Lay the material, wrong side up, out flat on the floor. Lay the buckram over it, 2 in. inside it on all edges. With a wet rag well damp the buckram edges (*Continued on page* 74)

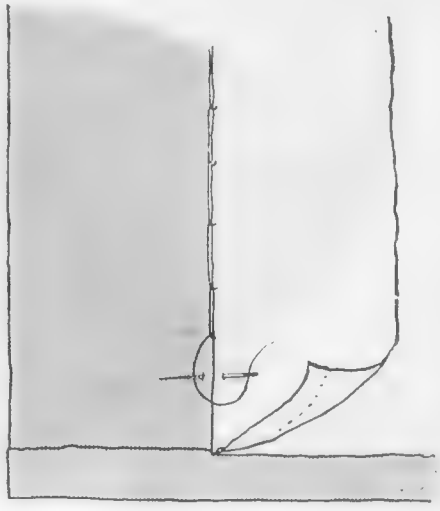


Figure 2

Fan Letter

By

STANLEY ELLIN

Illustrations by

H. G. THORNTON-JONES

UP to the moment he took the letter from the mailbox, this day had been the same as any other over the long years. He had closed the office, and, as he made a point of doing, rain or shine, had walked the weary distance up Oxford Street to the little flat off Holland Park. He always walked briskly, head erect and shoulders squared, and the reflection of himself that he saw in passing shop windows was a pleasing one.

At first he was only mildly surprised that there was any letter at all in the box; usually the box was empty, or at most had a bill or advertisement shoved into it. He held the envelope at arm's length to read the return address on its reverse side—he never wore his eyeglasses outside the flat—and felt the shock of recognition at the Continental Films engraved there.

It was his practice to run up the stairs as part of his conditioning programme; he ran up now, his heart hammering even more violently than it usually did under the exercise.

There were two letters. The larger and more imposing bore the letterhead of Continental Films.

Dear Owen,

Enclosed is, believe it or not after all these years, a Fan Letter which I pass along to you at the behest of said fan. Continental always—well, nearly always—gets its man!

Now for the snapper, so please hold on to your hat, Owen, and hear me out. Are you available, and, if so, would you be interested in a little flier with the studio? It would be bit stuff, of course, and short term at that, but I have a hunch it could work out to bigger things. And who's to say nay to my hunches if they haven't bankrupted Continental yet?

Since the schedule is heavy with costume stuff I think you'll fit right in. I also think there are sound publicity

values in this kind of deal, and in my heart I'm still the unabashed publicity man even though they call it public relations today.

What do you think, Owen? Herzog has given the green light to the idea, so all you have to do is wire me your okay, and I'll make all arrangements.

Love to you, and if there is a Mrs. Thatcher love to her, too.

Daniel Riordan,
Vice-President.

Owen read the letter through twice, and then read it once more, whispering the words to himself. Even saying them aloud didn't seem to make them less incredible. But Owen knew it wasn't a joke. Riordan himself, wild man that he had been with his penchant for the hot-foot and the zany practical joke, wouldn't indulge in such a joke as this. No, that letter was as good as a gilt-edged contract.

OWEN took a deep breath, and placed his eyeglasses on top of the letter. He got up, and stood before the wall mirror studying himself in it. The mirror was a small one, but by standing far enough back he could view himself from chin to knees. There was the shade of a jowl under the chin, and he rubbed his thumb along it irritably. But the belly was as flat as ever, the figure still trim. He felt sick at the very thought of what might have been if he had not been so slavishly devoted to his condition.

"If there's anything I can ever do for you, Owen," Riordan had said. . . .

But there wasn't anything he could do when the grim time came. It was sound that did it; *The Jazz Singer* and all the others that did it; and Owen Thatcher and beautifully printed subtitles went out together.

Owen picked up the second letter. It was written in a carelessly scrawled, but feminine, handwriting.

Dear Sirs:

Yesterday at our evening school class in modern drama I saw two old silent films made by your company, *Quicksilver* and *The Valiant Blade* with Owen Thatcher in them.

I think Owen Thatcher's performances were among the most memorable I have ever seen in the films, and I would like to write him this personally. Could you please tell me his address?

Thank you,
Carol Vaughn.

Owen did some swift mental calculation. *Quicksilver* was the first one he had done for Continental; that would be thirty years ago! And *The Valiant Blade* was Herzog's first production for the company; that would make it about twenty-five years old. And Carol Vaughn would be how old? Sixteen, seventeen perhaps. He had to laugh at the thought.

IT made a wonderfully comical picture, but, comical or not, the girl had certainly worked a miracle for him. He walked the floor with quick excited steps, bubbling over with the exhilaration of it.

He had to do *something*, Owen told himself restlessly, and right now. In the face of a miracle you broke open champagne, you threw your shoes through the window, you fired shots into the air. You celebrated.

He stopped short as the idea took form. A celebration, of course; that was the order of the day. The idea was clear now, and the more he considered it, the more amusing and delightful it looked. There would be no champagne poured on this occasion. It would all be perfectly proper and respectable from start to finish, because it would be as much Carol Vaughn's party as his. It would be his thank you for what she had made possible, and it would be something she could write in her diary in capital letters.

He checked the name and address on the letter, and found them readily enough in the phone book. He was surprised to find himself nervous with anticipation as he dialled the number.

"Yes?" the voice said. It was a girl's voice.

Owen cleared his throat. "Miss Carol Vaughn?"

"That's right. Who is this, please?" There was a pleasantly rounded enunciation of the words which led Owen to hark back to a dimly remembered period of his own youth. Carol Vaughn, he reflected with sure insight, is a young lady taking dramatic lessons.

"This is Owen Thatcher, Miss Vaughn," he said.

He wasn't quite sure what response he had expected to this; a gasp, a shriek of incredulity, something like that. Instead, Carol surprised him by remarking quite placidly, "I expect it was that letter, wasn't it? I'm awfully glad it found you; I sincerely meant every word in it."

It took him a moment to recover his balance. "It *was* the letter, Miss Vaughn, and it's meant a great deal to me. So much so, that I'd like to show my appreciation in some way." He glanced at his watch. "It's six now. If your evening is free, and you don't mind spending it with me, I can pick you up at eight, and we'll make it theatre, dinner, and perhaps dancing afterwards. That is," he added warily, "if your parents won't mind your staying up to that hour."

"Of course, they'll mind," Carol said cheerfully. He heard her say in an outraged whisper, "*Oh, mother, please!*" and then she addressed him again. "As a matter of fact, they're preparing to mind right now, but I'll have them straightened out by the time you get here, Mr. Thatcher."

"Now, look——" Owen said in alarm.

"It'll be formal, of course, won't it, Mr. Thatcher? You know, I have never worn my evening gown in the middle of the week before. I think this is just fabulous!"

"Now, look——" Owen said, and then he had to laugh. "I think so, too," he said. "I'll see you at eight."

HE put the phone down and took a deep breath. There were things to be done now, ways of releasing the charge of excitement in him. First, the theatre tickets. He phoned his ticket agent and ordered two seats for *Twilight Time*. The agent groaned aloud.

"Owen, if I could get seats for *Twilight Time* I would trade them in for radium. That show is sold out for twenty years in advance, Owen. You know that as well as I do."

"Two seats for tonight," Owen said. "Fifth row, centre. I'll pick them up at the box office."

"I hope you know what they'll cost you, Owen."

"Don't worry about that. Just get them for me."

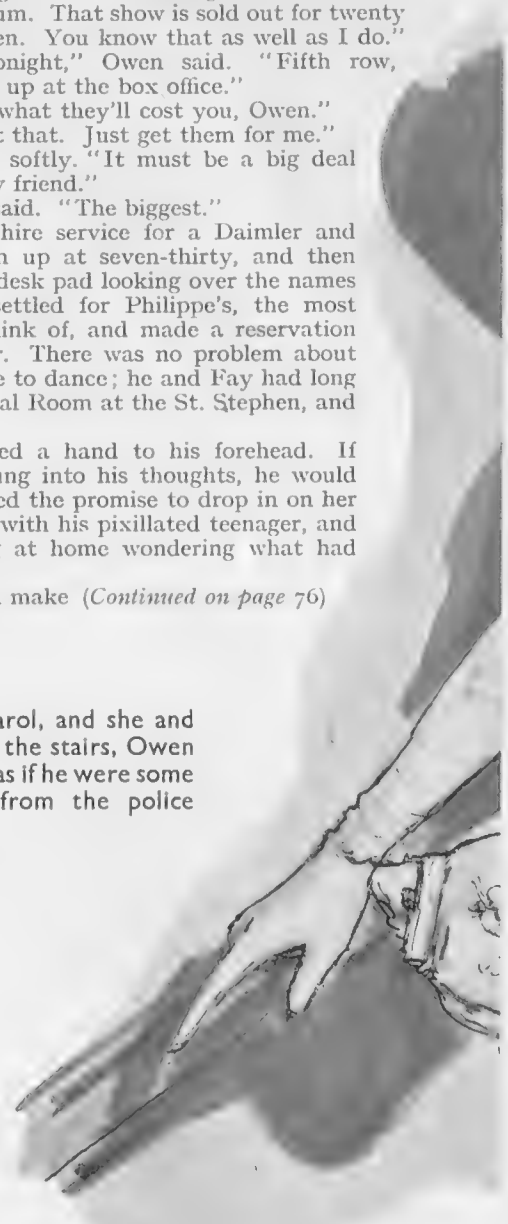
The agent whistled softly. "It must be a big deal you're working on, my friend."

"Very big," Owen said. "The biggest."

He phoned the car hire service for a Daimler and chauffeur to pick him up at seven-thirty, and then thumbed through his desk pad looking over the names of restaurants. He settled for Philippe's, the most luxurious he could think of, and made a reservation for a table for supper. There was no problem about picking the right place to dance; he and Fay had long ago discovered the Opal Room at the St. Stephen, and went there regularly.

He suddenly clapped a hand to his forehead. If Fay hadn't luckily rung into his thoughts, he would never have remembered the promise to drop in on her tonight. He'd be out with his pixillated teenager, and Fay would be sitting at home wondering what had become of him.

Not that Fay would make (*Continued on page 76*)



"Quick," said Carol, and she and Owen fled down the stairs, Owen feeling strangely as if he were some fugitive fleeing from the police

A Woman of

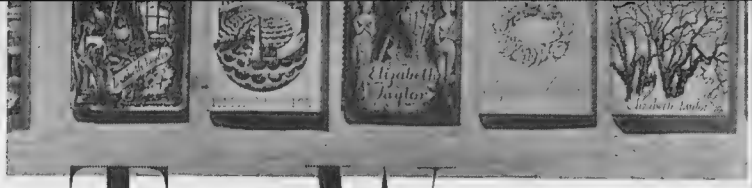
By Hilary Grant

ELIZABETH TAYLOR has been described as one of the most remarkable of contemporary novelists. Few people who know and appreciate the wit and wisdom of her writing, the sheer luminosity of its imaginative quality, will quarrel with this assessment of her as a writer. She is also a remarkable woman.

Her exceptional modesty would recoil from this charge because the person least aware of her remarkability is Mrs. Taylor. Reflected in her own eyes is a wife and mother, immersed in the affairs of a small country house which rotates about a husband and two children —a girl and a boy in their early teens. To herself she is an ordinary, rather housebound, woman to whom the day's meals are more important than literary fame. That is the Elizabeth Taylor who occupies the very average world of home and family. There is another who exists in the distinct and anything but average world of her perceptive mind. She crosses the bridge between her two worlds with unconscious ease; urged by some other force which impels her to write. She has been back and forth across the bridge continually since she was twelve. Not altogether willingly, writing, as she says herself "with no great enjoyment."

Elizabeth Taylor's house, like herself, is beautiful,

Top: The novelist and her young son. *Left:* The living-room of their country home. *Above:* A corner view of the dining-room



Two Worlds

Above: A view from the garden of Elizabeth Taylor's Buckinghamshire home

unpretentious and quite individual. There is a desk in her sitting-room, but she does not write at it and a typewriter, one feels, would intrude too much of its alien character upon this quite domestic scene. She sits in an easy chair with a tattered exercise book and, using her pencil like a broomstick, whirls into her other world.

"I grew used to children breathing down my neck as I wrote and scribbling on the manuscript; and have learned to write, as I have written everything, while answering questions, settling quarrels and cooking dinners." These are her own words.

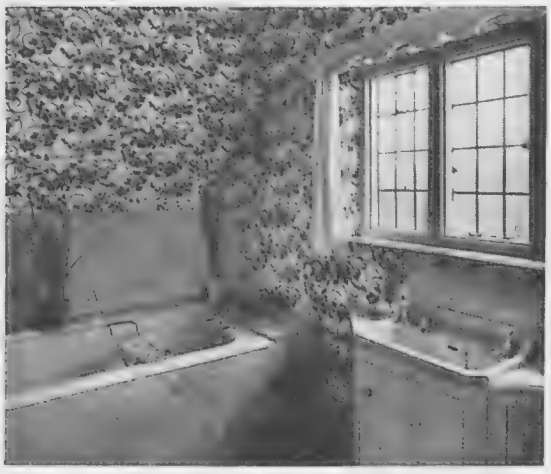
A summons from her material world—the children needing something, or a tradesman's call—sends the exercise book scuffling under the chair cushion and she has crossed the bridge again.

Her first published novel, *At Mrs. Lippincote's,* written during and partially around her own experiences in wartime, established her as a writer of great subtlety with a rare quality of perception. *A View Of The Harbour* and *Palladian* confirmed the promise of her original powers of character delineation. Each of her three following novels have carried her to loftier heights. Her wit has the savour of fun, never of disparagement. Her crystal-clear perception (*Continued on page 77*)

Daughter Joanna has this bedroom in school holidays

With one of the much-loved animals in the Taylor home

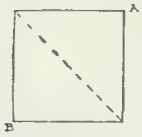
Photography by Deighton Wilkes

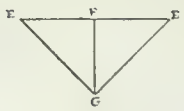


Green and white ivy wallpaper in the bathroom, above. Cherry red curtains against white panelled walls and an inglenook fireplace in the dining-room, right

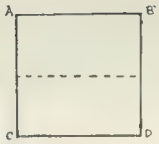
Tricks with Table Napkins

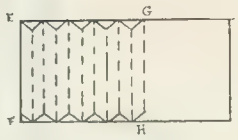
Napkins are gay and decorative in themselves, but with fancy folds they give an added interest to the party table

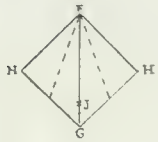




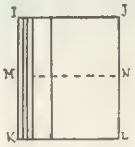
Victorian fan: Begin by folding napkin in half —top sketch, right—then pleat in folds from points EF to GH, producing shape as in third sketch. Fold again in half, folding IJ backwards to KL so that MN is the outside of fold—shape is now as fourth sketch. Press two points O in opposite directions to point P. This triangle makes "handle" of fan. Fix with pins top and bottom, spread pleats to form fan. A linen napkin is most suitable for the Victorian fan. Press after each step to ensure crisp pleats

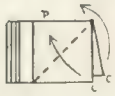


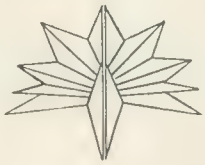


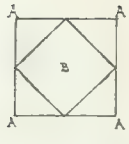


The Cornet: Ideal for soft-textured napkins with fringed or decorative edge. Fold A to B to form triangle. Bring both edges EF over to centre line FG, making shape as third sketch. Now bring points H to point J on centre line, and press

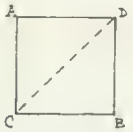




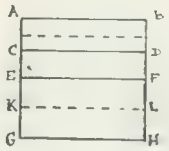


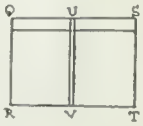


Water Lily: Fold points A of square napkin to centre B. Repeat with new corners (C) thus made, and again with new corners (E). (Sketches are similar sized, but actually design gets smaller each time.) Turn napkin over and bring corners G to centre H. Holding down centre with finger or weight, reach under at points I and pull out "petals." Reach under at points J, pull out those petals; finally pull out the last four petals at K

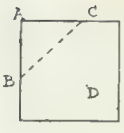


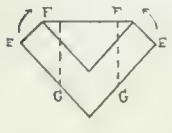
Swan: Fold square napkin in quarters. Fold A (outer corners of napkin) to point B and press along fold CD. With free edge corners of napkin at point E of third sketch, bring sides FE to centre EG, making shape as fourth sketch. Tuck corners J under napkin and fold entire napkin on line HI, sides down, so that fold HI is up, making shape shown in last sketch. Gently pull out "feathers" (corners in last sketch). Tuck a baton roll in the front for a head to complete illusion





Pocket Fold: Fold edge AB on line CD, and edge GH up on line EF. Press. Now bring fold KL up to line IJ—a bit beyond edge of upper fold already made. Turn napkin over and fold both edges MN to centre line OP. Fold once more on centre line UV and the pocket is ready to take the silver





Mitre: Begin as in first sketch, folding point A to point D; press fold along line BC, producing shape shown in second sketch. Bring points E around to back, folding and pressing again, on line FG. Turn napkin over and tuck flap I into cuff pocket

Wedgwood plates from Marshall and Snelgrove, rayon damask napkins from Debenham and Freebody, embroidered linen napkin from Robinson and Cleaver, check napkin and fringed linen napkin from Peter Jones

Six ways to fold table napkins. Top left, Victorian Fan; right, Cornet; centre left, Water Lily; right, Swan; bottom left, Mitre; right, Pocket Fold

"... a daughter

ONE of the few authenticated facts about Shakespeare is that he had a daughter Susannah, who married Dr. John Hall. This makes the recent acquisition of Hall's Croft, the house in Old Town, Stratford, in which Susannah and her husband lived, all the more interesting an addition to existing Shakespeariana.

The house has suffered many vicissitudes during the centuries, but with the aid of old plans and records, Hall's Croft is now as it was in the days of Susannah and Dr. Hall. Victorian and eighteenth-century accretions have been demolished, and the rooms restored to their original appearance. Dr. Hall's dispensary has been furnished with books, pestle and mortar, and the impedimenta of the physician of his time. The garden, too, has been replanned and replanted, and visitors to Hall's Croft, now the Stratford-on-Avon Festival Club, can sit in the garden or take tea on the flagged courtyard and dine in the excellent restaurant. The membership fee is a nominal one.

Dr. Hall was clearly not an admirer of Shakespeare because he wrote his professional memoirs without a single reference to his illustrious father-in-law. Now, by a twist of fate, the doctor's house will be an object of pilgrimage to all Shakespeare devotees.

Above is the stairway at Hall's Croft showing a contemporary portrait of the Prince of Orange and his mother; right, is a view of the passage connecting Dr. Hall's dispensary and his study

HALL'S CROFT, Stratford, is now just as it was when Shakespeare visited . . .

called Susannah"

By

J. ALLAN CASH

Restoration work on the house revealed the original fireplace in the entrance hall, which is shown in the photograph on the page opposite. The bed, above right, is not the famous "second best bed" but it is a very rare example of the period. Dr. Hall's dispensary, right, is one of the most fascinating rooms in Hall's Croft, furnished in authentic detail. A hatchway over the bench opens into the hall of the house where the doctor's patients waited for their medicines. Through it can be seen a painting, said to be a portrait of the doctor himself and his wife, Susannah

Looking Around . . .

Discussion Points of

PAUL ROCHE is the twenty-six year old author of *O Pale Galilean!*, a lighthearted fantasy-novel about an Italian satyr who is ordered by his master, the Devil, to co-inhabit a human body for a time and report on the world as seen from the standpoint of his adversary, God. There follow uproarious battles of wit and malice with the body's rightful owner, a young priest—and an incomparable end. Published this month by the Harvill Press at 9s. 6d. Portrait below by Duncan Grant. Other works by Roche include *The Rat And The Convent Dove* (Hand & Flower Press), and stories and poems in *New World Writing* and *Encounter*.

JUST *how* horrid medical students get translated into nice doctors is one of the eternal mysteries, but one must be at least grateful to their antics for inspiring Richard Gordon's very funny novel *Doctor In The House*, which has now given rise to a hilarious British colour film with Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More and Donalds Sinden and Houston as the doctors-to-be, Muriel Pavlow as a nurse and Kay Kendall as a fashion model who compete with football, racing and beer as their chief distractions from medicine, and the redoubtable James Robertson Justice as a famous surgeon who dragoons them back to duty. The film, a shot from which forms our title picture above, covers five years of Simon Sparrow's (Dirk Bogarde's) life, from his first day as a student in St. Swithin's to his first day as a doctor.

Below we introduce you to the Amiable Snowman, hero of the Russian cartoon *The Happy New Year*, which, together with *The Magic Mill*, is now going the rounds of Britain. Keep a look out for these and three others—*It Happened In The North*, *Two Legends* and *The Naughty Kitten*, which may also reach your district, for, thanks to the enterprise of Gala Film Distributors, there is now a fairly steady trickle of these charming fables. They are delicately drawn, magically coloured, never lapse into caricature or sentimentality, and speak the universal language of fairytale so successfully that one entirely forgets they are foreign.

EDWIN FISCHER, at whose touch impersonal concert halls are transformed into intimate music salons, is paying a welcome visit to this country, his engagements including a joint recital with Schwarzkopf at the Royal Festival Hall. Some excellent available recordings are Bach's Triple Piano Concerto in C, with Ronald Smith and Denis Matthews, in which he conducts the Philharmonia eighteenth century-wise from the keyboard, on H.M.V. ALP1103; DB21180/2: and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor) with the Philharmonia under Furtwängler, on H.M.V. ALP1051; DB21315/9.

On the far right are Anne Rodgers and Anthony Hayes, sweet innocents from *The Boy Friend*, whose starry-eyed warblings "I Could Be Happy With You" and "A Room In Bloomsbury" we can now hear to our heart's content on H.M.V. B10656.

Edwin Fischer

Anne Rodgers and Anthony Hayes

the Month

AUGUSTUS JOHN, the real-life scholar gipsy, with his challenging, untameable look, fulfils everyone's pipe-dream of a Great Artist. His exhibition—at the Royal Academy until June 24—must be seen for the drawings alone, especially those of remote gipsies and baleful children—and notice the old masterly perfection of "The Disciple" (No. 318). His lively autobiography, snapshotting people and scenes from a turbulent life, is in course of publication by Jonathan Cape; the first series, *Chiaroscuro*—copiously illustrated—being currently available.

Augustus John

photograph by Allan Chappelow

YOUTH takes the prow at Stratford this season—which is, we feel, as Shakespeare would have liked it, for people were not so long about growing up in his day. Many parts are being taken by actors and actresses in their twenties who have proved their quality but are not yet "names." The plays have been chosen to suit them: *Romeo And Juliet* opened on April 27 with Laurence Harvey and Zena Walker (right) as the lovers. Harvey, aged twenty-five, was also Romeo in Rank's much-discussed screen version, and subsequently made *The Good Die Young*, and *The Talisman* (in California) before returning to Stratford, where he had first appeared in 1952. Zena Walker, now twenty, has been acting since she was sixteen, and first played at Stratford in 1952 as Miranda to Sir Ralph Richardson's Prospero. Décor for this play is by Motley; production by Glen Byam Shaw.

Zena Walker

Laurence Harvey

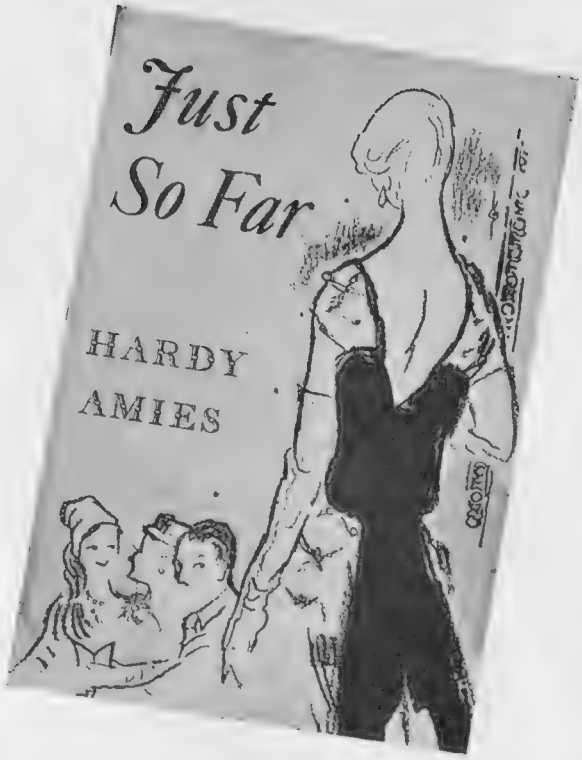
Fiction and non-fiction, grave and gay—the pick of the month's books reviewed and recommended for your enjoyment

Good Reading

by

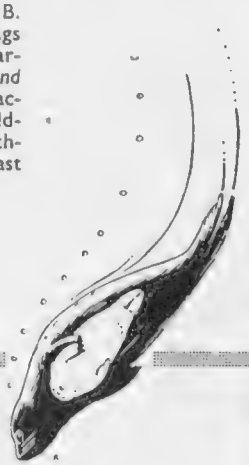
TREVOR ALLEN

A story so vivid it might be the memoir of a real person is Pamela Hansford Johnson's novel, *An Impossible Marriage*



Hardy Amies's career story, *Just So Far*, is a record of meteoric success—and is also the inside story of *haute couture*

Two of Henry B. Kane's drawings from Sally Carrighar's *Icebound Summer*, an account of wild-life on the north-west Alaska coast



COUTURIERS are not necessarily sensitive plants that bloom only in Mayfair hothouses. Before Hardy Amies began designing for Lachasse in the 1930s he had taught English on the Riviera, peddled weighing scales in the East End for a Birmingham firm. During the war he served in the Belgian Section of Special Operations Executive, which schooled men for sabotage and other secret missions in occupied countries, and parachute drops formed part of his training. Quarrels with his first employer—is there anyone in the "rag trade" who doesn't quarrel fiercely with someone?—convinced him that he must have his own business, which he duly opened in a bombed building in Savile Row, postwar. Now he makes clothes for the Queen, who "typifies all that I admire most in the English women's attitude to dress." His career story, **"Just So Far"** (Collins, 15s.), is also the inside story of *haute couture*. Women will enjoy his expert dress-talk; men can be thankful that they don't have to think much beyond tweeds and flannels.

How remote from that world was Sister B. J. Banfill's when she went nursing at the Mutton Bay Grenfell Mission's hospital on the jagged Labrador coast! Her fisherfolk patients were poor but taciturnly happy. "By the time a boy is fifteen," she says, "he has shared the awful silence of long winter nights; he has faced sudden, furious blizzards to bring help to travailing women or dying relatives; he has raced with death through floating ice, slob water and treacherous currents." There is no school for the youngsters unless the fathers cut and haul wood to heat it. The natives are superstitious, believing that if the fish catch is poor the latest newcomer to the village (*Continued on page 78*)

HOMES GREAT AND SMALL

DOLLS' houses aren't just toys; for four centuries they have so accurately reflected the life of their time that they are also domestic history. That is Flora Gill Jacobs's approach to **"A History Of Dolls' Houses"** (Cassell, 32s. 6d.), and a fascinating story she makes of them, surveying the treasures of each country in turn. Unlisted ones may have existed earlier, but the earliest recorded was a sumptuous affair commissioned in 1558 by Albrecht V, Duke of Bavaria, for his little daughter, and promoted forthwith to his art collection. The detailed descriptions and 117 illustrations (the one here is of Colleen Moore's "castle") indicate that the best were works of art for grown-ups rather than playthings for children—which is why they survived.

A superb quarto, lavishly illustrated, is **"The Concise Encyclopaedia Of Antiques"** (The Connoisseur, 42s.) edited by L. G. G. Ramsay, with a score of authorities writing on furniture, English glass, ceramics, British pewter, silver, jewellery, clocks, watches, arms, armour, book-collecting, needlework, embroidery, carpets, rugs, portrait-miniatures, old English drawings, prints, watercolours and European painting. Its object—to give essential, primary knowledge for further study—is achieved with simple, clear definitions to guide the amateur and inexperienced collector.

Torpedo in Petticoats

The stormy career of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who a contemporary called "The wisest fool that time has ever made"

Story by

JOHN W. HERBERT

Illustrations by ROBERT HODGSON

WHAT price beauty without sweetness—features pretty but disdainful, a shapely mouth over-prone to harsh hot-tempered words, eyes radiant, but too often sparking with hostility? Where does such an uncomfortable complex of qualities get a woman? For answer, look at the stormy glittering career of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, classic instance of a lovely lady with an ugly temper.

Sarah Churchill, *née* Jennings, listed some formidable triumphs in her long life. The wife of one of England's greatest soldiers and the power behind the throne, pulling the puppet strings that activated the easily-persuaded monarch Anne, after forty years of being a duchess she died leaving a fortune of £3,000,000.

But affection, esteem, admiration—all these which could have been hers for the asking she rejected by her wounding tongue, her quarrelsome disposition, her dominating nature. She seemed reckless of people's good opinions and lived not for the romantic adulation of courtiers and men of the world or the glamour of the smart social round to which her beauty assuredly entitled her, but for power.

And in the sense that she lost her source of power, by forfeiting the friendship of Queen Anne, the termagant duchess failed to climb to the heights of her ambition.

How different she was from her elder (and, it is said, even lovelier) sister Frances, the mad-cap Maid of Honour of the Stuart courts, "*la belle* Jennings," whose light-hearted tomboy charm and humour made her the toast of Charles II., his brother James and all the Restoration rakes and bucks!

Pulling the puppet strings that activated the easily-persuaded Anne, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, fanned the flame of hostility that led to the break between Anne and the King and Queen

But yet—and this is on the credit side of that strange contentious character that alienated so many who might have been her friends—Sarah won and held the unwavering devotion of her illustrious husband John Churchill. Did she love him as he loved her? Perhaps in her heart she did, but often that little redeeming touch of sentiment that could mean so much was missing.

Once when he had just left her to go off to the wars he wrote her this letter from mid-Channel: "It is impossible to express with what a heavy heart I parted with you when I was by the water's side. . . . I did for a great while, with a perspective glass, look upon the cliffs, in hopes I might have had one sight of you." Alas, Sarah had not waited to wave good-bye to her departing husband, and his "perspective glass" showed no handkerchief fluttering for him from the Margate cliffs.

But Sarah was infinitely proud of John Churchill while he was alive, and after his death showed a touching loyalty to his memory.

When she was a widow and still handsome, the Duke of Somerset proposed to her. "Were I only thirty," answered Sarah, "I would not permit even the Emperor of the world to succeed in that heart which has been devoted to John, Duke of Marlborough."

Chance shaped the future course of Sarah's life when she was hardly in her teens. Already an unofficial playmate of little Princess Anne, daughter of James, Duke of York, at thirteen she was appointed a Maid of Honour to James's newly-married second wife, Mary. And thus she began to learn the ways of the Court and build up that close and fateful intimacy with the future Queen.

Youth matured precociously then, and love came to Sarah when she was fifteen. At a party in the Duchess of York's drawing-room in St. James's Palace she met twenty-five-year-old John Churchill, then a rising officer in the Foot Guards, and fell for his blue-eyed good looks, soldierly bearing and courtly charm.

And John, for his part, was entranced by her—as well he might be, for even then her slender, well-poised figure, bright complexion, large dark eyes and glory of fair hair gave promise of great beauty. They danced together and romance blossomed between them; and though he was an experienced man of the world (his name had recently been linked with the notorious Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland), soon they became engaged.

BUT the course of their love ran far from smooth. Both families opposed the marriage; and the Churchills planned for John a more profitable union with the plain but well-endowed Catherine Sedley. When Sarah heard that Churchill was wavering she was furious and (giving a foretaste of that invective for which she was to become a byword and which a biographer had in mind when he called her a "torpedo in petticoats!") abused him roundly, breaking off the engagement.

"As for seeing you," she wrote, "I am resolved I never

The Queen sent Dorset, the Lord Chamberlain, to eject Sarah from Anne's residence. Watched by Prince George, Sarah refused to go . . .

will in private nor in public if I can help it. . . . Surely you must confess that you have been the falsest creature upon earth to me!"

But somehow the lovers' tiff was mended and, with the parents relenting, John and Sarah (now aged eighteen) were married, and—it can be said—lived happily ever after, except for those occasions when Sarah's temper got the better of her.

THERE was that time when, after an altercation, she cut off some of her beautiful golden tresses to spite Churchill (for she knew he had always loved her long, luxuriant hair) and then put them in a place where he was bound to see them. The tresses disappeared and John said nothing. Only after his death did Sarah find them hidden away among his most treasured possessions.

Soon after their marriage Princess Anne herself married Prince George of Denmark and Sarah became Lady of the Bedchamber to her, strengthening still more her sway over the weak and dependent Queen-to-be. Now, in token of their close friendship, they called each other by special names: Anne was Mrs. Morley and Sarah was Mrs. Freeman. And now, in some of the intrigues and petty dissensions that disturbed the Court, Sarah's hand began to be seen. She helped fan the flame of hostility, for instance, that led to the break between Anne and Queen Mary.

The Queen, becoming more and more resentful of the influential, outspoken and imprudent Sarah, tried to force

Anne to dismiss her (Marlborough already having fallen under Royal disapproval). And when one day Sarah brazenly appeared at Court matters came to a head. Mary sent Dorset, the Lord Chamberlain, to eject her from Anne's Whitehall residence, the Cockpit. Sarah refused to go and there was a violent scene. Finally Anne and she walked out, shaking the dust of the Cockpit from their feet, and took up their abode at Sion House.

And so with Sarah's ascendancy over her growing all the time, Anne in a few years became Queen herself; and Sarah found herself a duchess and the wife of the country's most famed and feted hero. Her power was almost boundless—in political intrigue as well as in the private councils of the Royal bedchamber. But was the brain behind that beautiful face so very shrewd? Did not Sarah engineer her own ruin through bad judgment and over-confidence?

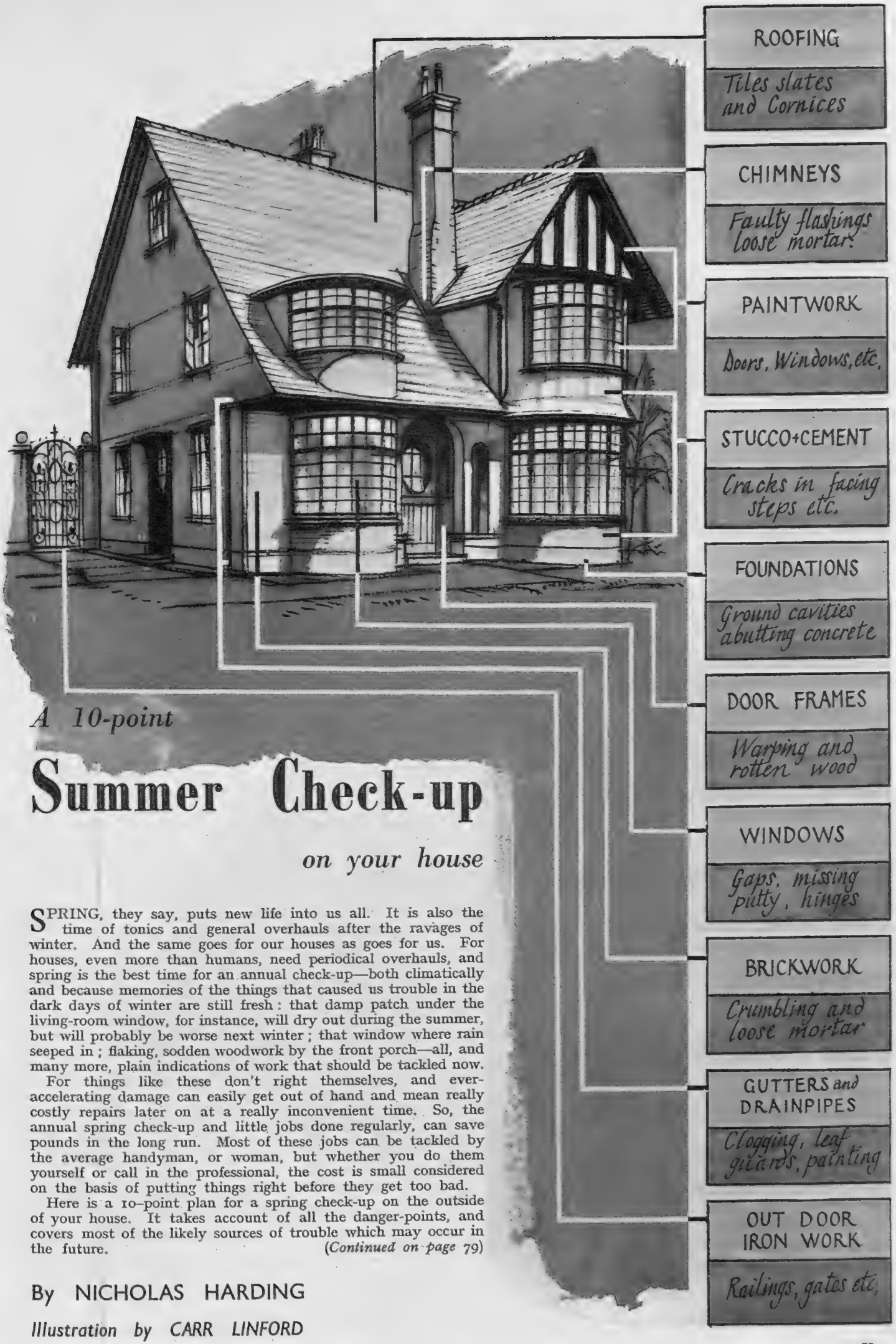
FOR with the familiarity of years she had learnt to despise the dull and simple Anne, and—foolish woman—now let her contempt be seen in ill-concealed haughtiness and insolence. Anne stood much, but when Sarah herself, tiring of continuous attendance on the Queen, introduced a relative, Abigail Hill, to take her place in certain duties and report all gossip back to her at the Churchill home at St. Albans, Anne saw her chance of humbling the proud, ill-tempered duchess.

Taking Abigail under her wing as her new confidante, she began to oust Sarah from her hitherto impregnable position.

The final break came when Sarah was dismissed on the ground that she had treated the Queen with public disrespect. And so, the puppet-strings finally broken, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, after nearly forty years at Court, went into the wilderness, her public life at an end. Though she retained much of the striking beauty of her youth, her temperament grew no sweeter with advancing age; and she was happiest when quarrelling or going to law (as in that suit arising out of the completion of Blenheim).

If only lovely Sarah Churchill had had a kindlier nature, a less cruel tongue and some more womanly ambition than the lust for power!

The puppet-strings finally broken, Sarah went into the wilderness, her public career ended after nearly forty years—the grounds of her dismissal, that she had treated the Queen with public disrespect



A 10-point

Summer Check-up

on your house

SPRING, they say, puts new life into us all. It is also the time of tonics and general overhauls after the ravages of winter. And the same goes for our houses as goes for us. For houses, even more than humans, need periodical overhauls, and spring is the best time for an annual check-up—both climatically and because memories of the things that caused us trouble in the dark days of winter are still fresh: that damp patch under the living-room window, for instance, will dry out during the summer, but will probably be worse next winter; that window where rain seeped in; flaking, sodden woodwork by the front porch—all, and many more, plain indications of work that should be tackled now.

For things like these don't right themselves, and ever-accelerating damage can easily get out of hand and mean really costly repairs later on at a really inconvenient time. So, the annual spring check-up and little jobs done regularly, can save pounds in the long run. Most of these jobs can be tackled by the average handyman, or woman, but whether you do them yourself or call in the professional, the cost is small considered on the basis of putting things right before they get too bad.

Here is a 10-point plan for a spring check-up on the outside of your house. It takes account of all the danger-points, and covers most of the likely sources of trouble which may occur in the future.

(Continued on page 79)

By NICHOLAS HARDING

Illustration by CARR LINFORD

by CHRYSIS

New season clothes present
the beauty problem of

Summer's Back

WITH strapless sun dresses, topless swim-suits, décolleté evening dresses and now the 1920 influence at all times of the day, backs this summer will be on view morning, noon and night. For every friend to admire your features there will be ten strangers to appraise your back, in the opera stalls, sipping aperitifs on the hotel terrace, onlookers at the ball and spectators round the swimming-pool.

Backs present a special beauty problem of their own. What makes a back beautiful? A form which sculptors from classic times have striven to capture in marble? Or the subtle flesh-tones that artists have tried to put on canvas? Both, of course. Bare-backed beauty lies in the lithe play of muscles beneath a perfect skin.

Blemishes are perhaps the most universal problem. The rule is, what is right for the complexion is right for the back and shoulders, too, the only difference being that the skin between the shoulder blades is more oily here than anywhere else on the body. The great majority of black blemishes—open pores, blackheads and spots—arise from this over-oiliness.

Special conditions, like acne, need special treatment. But a good basic beauty routine for a back less than perfect in skin texture consists of a cleansing-stimulating routine. A simple routine, faithfully followed, is more effective than drastic, panic measures. Cleanse-stimulate the back as faithfully as you look after your facial beauty. First cleanse with a super-fatted soap lather and gentle friction. One of the new synthetic sponges strikes the right compromise between too gentle and too harsh scrubbing. This stimulates the circulation, improves the texture and tone of the skin, and reduces the excess oiliness. Then stimulate with an astringent. For an excessively oily condition where blackheads threaten to spoil the smoothness, there is Innoxa's special grease solvent solution. As to practical details, a long-handled patter reaches to the inaccessible spot between the shoulder-blades, but a wooden spoon will make a substitute. Apply astringent or lotion to a cotton-wool pad and attach it to the spoon with an elastic band.

With exposure to winter's fogs and friction from winter coat-collars, the nape of the neck tends to become discoloured. Nothing is more ruinous to any decolletage than an ugly line of demarcation between neck and back. A bleaching cream will improve a dingy neck, but nothing is guaranteed to (*Continued on page 79*)

It is not easy to see ourselves as others see us. That is where some outside help is so valuable. If you would like Chrysis to advise you on your beauty problems, write to her, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, at "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2

Canoe Neck and Beads

Materials required for the sweater are 5 (6, 6) ozs. Sirdar Majestic 3-ply wool in blue, shade No. 222 ; 1 pair of No. 11 and No. 13 knitting needles ; 540 (600, 600) medium-sized white china beads. The instructions are for a size 34-in. bust, directions for 36-in. and 38-in. bust appearing in brackets, thus, 34 (36, 38). The tension is 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in. The abbreviations used throughout are : K=knit ; P.=purl ; st(s)=stitch(es) ; st. st.=stocking stitch ; sl.=slip ; inc.=increase ; dec =decrease ; tbl=through back of loop(s) ; rep.=repeat ; PIB=Purl a st. passing a bead to the front of work (see special notes) ; in.=inches.

SPECIAL NOTES

CARE must be taken when working the bead pattern that the beads are actually on the purl stitches, and do not lie between the knit and purl stitches. Insert the needle into the loop, bring the new bead to the place where the needles cross, and then pass it through the loop with the thumb simultaneously with the making of the stitch.

On the right side of work the stitch containing the bead must always be knitted through the back, ensuring that the bead is on the front of the work. The beads should be threaded on to a separate ball of wool which should be used when working pattern rows 1 and 2 and 9 and 10, and so on.

THE BEAD PATTERN

With a number of sts. divisible by 8 plus 5.

1st row.—(Wrong side) P 5, * k. 1, PIB, k. 1, p. 5, rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—K. 6, * k. 1, tbl, k. 7, rep. from * ending k. 6 instead of k. 7. Work 6 rows in st. st.

9th row.—P. 1, * k. 1, PIB, k. 1, p. 5, rep. from * ending p. 1 instead of p. 5.

10th row.—K. 2, * k. 1, tbl, k. 7, rep. from * ending k. 2 instead of k. 7. Work 6 rows in st. st.

These 16 rows form the pattern.

THE BACK

* * With No. 13 needles cast on 110 (118, 126) sts.

1st row.—* K. 1, tbl, p. 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. this row until work measures 3½ ins. from cast-on edge, decreasing 1 st. at the end of the last row.

(*Continued on page* 80)

White china beads are knitted into the fabric of this blue evening sweater. Twisted ribbing of the welt and the fashion-conscious collar give a more even rib and greater elasticity.

Materials required are 11 (12, 12) oz. of Jaeger "Classic" 3-ply wool, and 1 pair of No. 11 knitting needles. The instructions are for a 34-in. bust, with size 36 in. and 38 in. given in brackets thus, 34 (36, 38). Length from shoulder to hem 21 (21½, 22) ins. The tension is 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in. The abbreviations used are the same as those given for the beaded jumper on the page opposite

LEFT FRONT

With No. 11 needles cast on 58 (62, 66) sts.

Work in st.st.

Work 6½ (6¾, 7) inches, ending with a p. row.

Inc. 1 st. at side edge on the next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 62 (66, 70) sts. and then 1 st. on every alternate row until there are 68 (72, 76) sts.

Work 1 row.

Cast on at the beginning of next and alternate rows 2 sts. 5 times, 6 sts. 6 times, 8 sts. 4 times, and 24 sts. once, ending at centre front edge (170 174, 178) sts.

Shape the Neck.—Keeping sleeve edge straight, dec. 1 st. at centre front edge on the next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 156 (160, 163) sts. left.

Work straight until sleeve edge measures 6 (6¼, 6½) ins., ending at neck edge.

Still keeping sleeve edge straight, cast on at the beginning of next and alternate rows 2 sts. 3 times.

Next row.—K. to end, turn and cast on 36 (36, 38) sts. Leave sts. on st. holder.

The Right Front.—With No. 11 needles cast on 58 (62, 66) sts.

Work in st.st.

Work 6½ (6¾, 7) ins., ending with a k. row.

Inc. 1 st. at side edge on the next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 62 (66, 70) sts., and then 1 st. on every alternate row until there are 68 (72, 76) sts.

Work 1 row.

Cast on at the beginning of next and alternate rows 2 sts. 5 times, 6 sts. 6 times, 8 sts. 4 times, and 24 sts. once, ending at centre front edge.

Shape the Neck.—Keeping sleeve edge straight, dec. 1 st. at centre front edge on the next row, and then every following 4th row until there are 156 (160, 163) sts. left.

Work straight until sleeve edge measures 6 (6¼, 6½) ins., ending at neck edge.

Still keeping sleeve edge straight, cast on at the beginning of next and alternate rows 2 sts. 3 times.

Next row.—P. to end, slip sts. from st. holder on to needle and p. to end. 360 (368, 376) sts.

Continue over all the sts.

Work until sleeve edges measure 12 (12½, 13) ins. from commencement ending with a p. row.

Cast off at the beginning of next and following rows 24 sts. twice, 8 sts. 8 times, 6 sts. 12 times, and 2 sts. 10 times.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every alternate row until there are 142 (150, 158) sts., and then 1 st. at each end of every 4th row until there are 136 (144, 152) sts. left.

Work 6½ (6¾, 7) ins. straight.

Cast off.

THE COLLAR AND FRONT BORDERS

With No. 11 needles cast on 156 (158, 162) sts.

1st row.—Sl. 1, * k. 1 tbl., p. 1, rep. from * to the last st., k. 1. Rep. this row until work measures 4 ins. from cast on edge.

Next row.—Rib 55 (56, 57), cast (*Continued on page 78*)

To Wear with Summer Cottons

A short, boxy jacket, with batwing sleeves, smart and easy to wear over summer dresses. This and the beaded jumper on the page opposite are both Erika Harrison original designs

JANET DARBY'S COOKERY PAGE

Ring the Change on Rabbit

Savoury rabbit pie makes a tasty but good substantial dish for robust appetites

I'M a great one for versatility. I like it in vegetables, and am always prepared to try a new way with anything that grows. What fascinates me is the *absolute* difference between two dishes based on the same main ingredients. You can't do as much with the same meats, however. Beef remains beef, whether you roast, grill, fry or stew it; so does lamb, veal or mutton. Even chicken always tastes of chicken. Which is very nice indeed, I agree, when chicken is what you are wanting. All the same, I like the principle, so to speak, of a meat food whose preparation can be varied so infinitely that the resulting dish can pass for chicken *or* veal *or* lamb. Indeed, one hears dark rumours of restaurants whose chickens are always four-footed!

I refer, of course, to rabbit, the potentialities of which are always rated too low. I like it all the year round, in its different manifestations, but it seems to me that it is just about now, with the onset of warmer weather, that it proves its worth. Cold, as terrines or pies; delicate, but warm, as a fricassee; hearty (for colder days) as a ragout, or in the delicious Belgian fashion, with wine. It takes on new character with every method of preparation. Try it for yourselves; the recipes are below. But first you may like to try the new dish—Rabbit Maryland—which I have just invented, and which has been enthusiastically greeted by my own family.

A word of explanation. After tasting a deplorable version of American fried chicken, and with previous sad memories of the same dish as served in England, I came to the conclusion that we don't grow chickens suitable for frying. Not, that is, as a commercial crop. In the words of the once popular song "They're either too young or too old." Brooding on this sad fact, it occurred to me that young rabbit could be used instead of old chicken, and that the result would be more satisfactory. So I coaxed my butcher into selling me eight plump young legs (for four people).

RABBIT MARYLAND

8 legs of rabbit
2 carrots
1½ pints water
1 medium onion
A little parsley and rosemary

Prepare as for broth, quartering the carrots and onion, and adding seasoning. Cook gently for three-quarters of an hour, or until the rabbit is just tender. Then remove the pieces of rabbit from the pan, reserving the broth for soup. Dry, coat in seasoned flour, then beaten egg, then breadcrumbs, and fry them gently in a little bacon fat or oil. When one side is golden, turn and brown the other side. Gently fry some sliced bananas and use as a garnish for the fried rabbit. Serve hot with a smooth onion sauce, and with sweet corn fritters.

An eight-ounce tin of sweet corn, cream style, makes twelve fritters, which is ample for four people. Turn the corn into a bowl, add a rounded tablespoonful of flour, salt and one egg. Beat like anything, and drop (*Continued on page* 80)

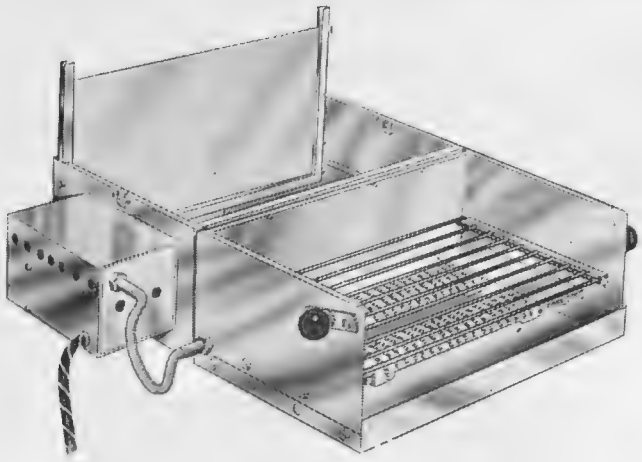
Jean Watson, Covent Garden Opera House singer, dining at *Chez Cleo*

Celebrity Special . . .

THERE is a superstition among hoteliers that no restaurant catering for fashionable clientèle can prosper situated west of the Ritz. Mr. Alec Taylor has shattered this long-lived fable with the astonishing success of his French-style restaurant *Chez Cleo* which is a stone's throw from Gloucester Road Station.

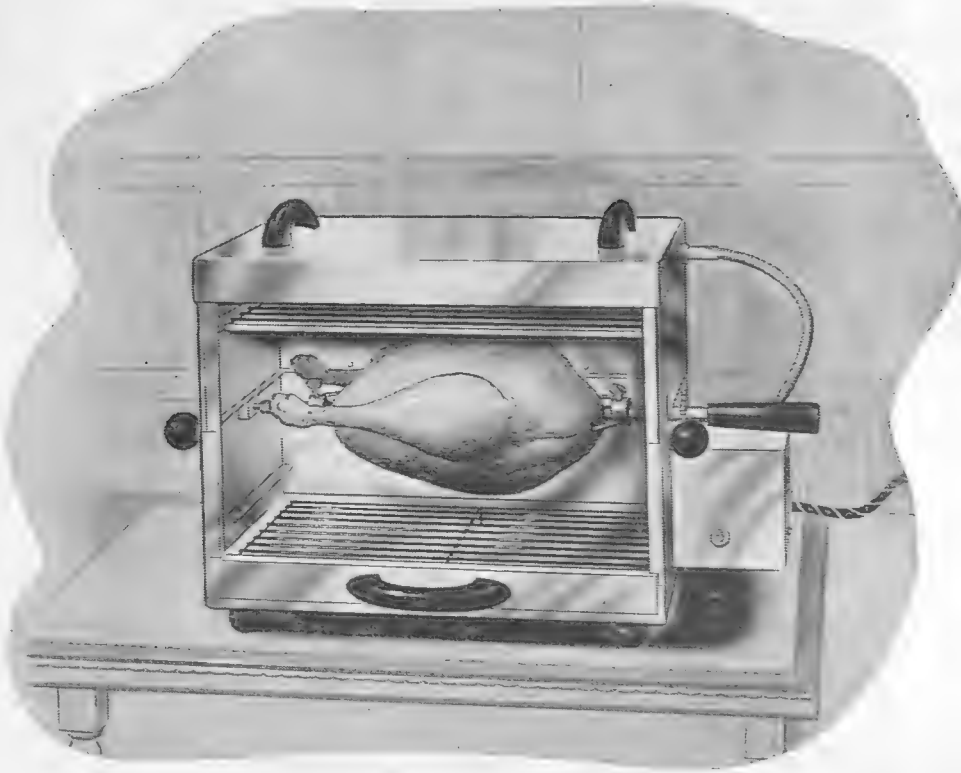
There is nothing pretentious in the place which Mr. Taylor himself calls "a restaurant in a cellar." You enter it by the area steps beneath a hotel in the very English atmosphere of Harrington Gardens. Once inside, you could just as well be in any French restaurant. *Chez Cleo is* French, though the proprietor is English.

You might think it odd that the menu announces that "English is spoken." The explanation is significant because the place is staffed by French waitresses and, naturally, French chefs. It has an intimacy which is attributable less to its size than to a wholly French appreciation that the quality of good food is enhanced by the atmosphere which surrounds it. The service is meticulously personal, never intrusive. You will find



Cooking to a "Turn"

Watch your chicken roasting on a spit in this new glass-fronted electric table cooker



The Rotoroaster is small enough to stand on a side table, yet takes a good-size fowl on the rotating spit. By removing the spit, the glass-fronted oven can be used in the normal way. Top picture shows how the unit, opened, can be used for boiling

YOU can now watch your chicken roasting on a spit—in a one-room flat if you want to. For some time the idea of incorporating a slowly rotating spit in an orthodox electric cooker has been popular on the Continent and in America—partly because many think "spit" cooking means better and quicker cooking and partly because of the novelty: tradition taking a "turn" as it were.

Now, a table model electric cooker with rotating spit and other ingenious features is being made in this country. As a miniature table cooker that will grill, boil and toast in the ordinary way, besides spit-roasting a good-size fowl in about twenty-five minutes, it looks a promising proposition for the one-room flat-dweller. Overall dimensions are only about 16 in. by 12 in. by 10 in. deep, and all-over chromium finish gives it easy-clean virtues. As a supplementary to an orthodox cooker for breakfast-table and party use also, the appliance is attractive.

The Rotoroaster incorporates a 1,500-watt radiant heat element which is well within the capacity of the ordinary 13-amp power point, and a miniature electric motor which drives the spit at about two turns per minute. The latter has adjustable clamps for different sized birds, and can easily be removed, if the cooker is to be used as a small oven. A glass-panel front lets you watch your bird cooking. At the bottom is a sliding drip tray and grill.

The top hinges over and folds down flat on the table-top, allowing the elements to be used for toasting or boiling. Total consumption, including the motor, is about 1,550 watts—say 1¼d. an hour with electricity at ¾d. a unit. The Rotoroaster is made by the Dudley Hill Engineering Co., of Redhouse Lane, Bredbury, nr. Stockport, and the price will be about £25 in chromium or £21 in cream vitreous enamel finish.

. . . Chez Cleo

distinguished people dining there any evening of the week, yet it has an informal air. Somebody sings in French while you eat a *Poulet Basquaise* or the *Pot au Feu* which is the chef's special pride. Not least of its attractions is that the prices are substantially lower than in any comparable West End restaurant.

WE asked the chef to give us the recipe for his *Pot au Feu*. Here it is in his own words.

"We use the top ribs of beef which are put into a pan of cold water and brought slowly to the boil and then well skimmed. We add whole onions, carrots cut lengthwise into four pieces, whole leeks and one large turnip cut in thick slices. Pepper and salt is added to taste. The meat is simmered gently for twenty to thirty minutes per pound and served with a garnish of carrot, turnip, leeks, cabbage hearts and boiled potatoes cooked separately. Serve with some of the liquor poured over."

Margaret Sharp

Shopping for you

Personal Choice

A bathing cap which is pretty and waterproof by Kleinerts, designed in several colours as well as black and white. Some of them are decorated with rubber flowers arranged as posies, garlands, or all over trimming. This one, called Seaspray, is from Lilly-whites, Piccadilly Circus, W.1, 12s. 6d. post free

If you like dainty handkerchiefs these in fine hem-stitched Irish linen are edged with nylon lace, one of them with Valenciennes, the other with snowflake lace. Nylon lace is delicate yet strong so it will not easily succumb to laundering hazards and may even outlive the linen. 5s. 6d. each, plus postage, Waring and Gillow Ltd., Oxford Street, W.1.

An inflatable cushion to slip on to the back of a deckchair or garden chair to make a comfortable head rest. It is made of sage green satin-finished plastic and when deflated it folds flat. 5s. 6d., post free from Outdoor Life, 58/74 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4

WITH the era of summer clothes just beginning, laundering problems present themselves in a big way. How should a dress in linen and rayon mixture be washed, as for linen or for rayon? How can one be sure that a print will not run and lose its brilliance? Can you take it for-granted that a light wool skirt or dress can be washed, unless it has a label stating otherwise? And how can the possibility of shrinkage be excluded? Do these wonderful new washable permanently pleated skirts have to be laundered in any particular way?

If you have any laundering puzzles like this, Mrs. Mary Holiday at the Persil Home Washing Bureau, 15 South Molton Street, London, W.1, will advise. If you cannot call personally, send details by post, and the laundering experts will get to work on the problem on your behalf.

Many young housewives start housekeeping with only the haziest notion about washing, and others, who have been housekeeping for years, are conscious that new appliances and methods have outdated their washday routine. In both cases the Bureau will advise the best and most labour-saving washing procedure.

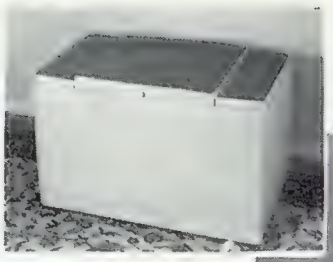
These are Gollies, waterproof rubber goloshes which fit over shoes with heels of any size or shape, and tuck away into a plastic bag when the sun shines. Colours: black/red, black/grey, brown / beige; sizes: small, medium, large. Price 9s. 6d., postage 6d., from the Lotus Shoe Co., 43 New Bond Street, London, W.1

Baffeez new holiday or play shoes have plaited fibre soles designed for hard going and uppers of tough denim in gay, multi-coloured stripes lined with white canvas. Price 11s. 9d., plus 6d. postage from Dolcis of Oxford Street, London, W.1

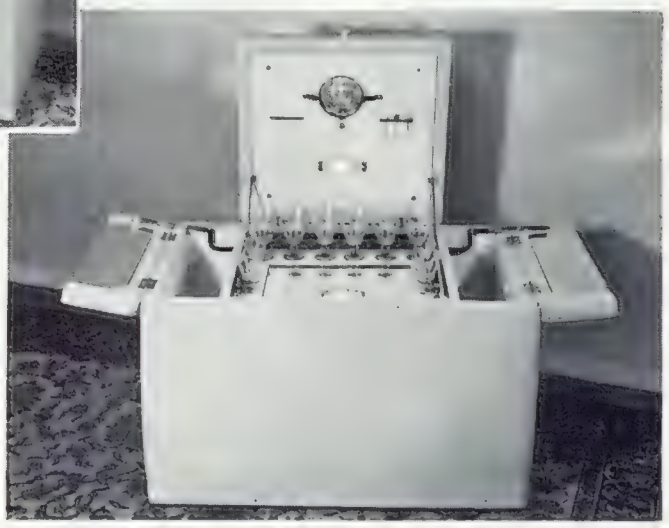
KAYSER BONDOR
Nylons
FULL FASHIONED
Proportioned lengths in 51, 60 and 66 gauge

Margaret Sharp

Shopping for you

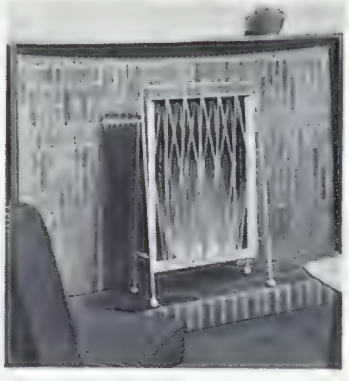


An ottoman which opens up to disclose a cocktail cabinet. It is made in washable cream plastic, with latex foam, moquette covered seat. 20 gns., delivered free from Wm. Whiteley, Queensway, London, W.2



Home Choice

A fuel-saving kettle by Mirroware which utilizes the steam from a saucepan. It holds two pints of water and fits on to a large or small saucepan.. Price 11s. 3d. postage 1s., from John Lewis, Oxford Street, London, W.1



The Premier Radiant Screen Heater combines the functions of a fire-screen and radiator. £12 19s. 5d. from Harrods, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1

A Tomado casserole holder for bringing hot dishes from oven to table. Adjustable to take standard size dishes. In nickel finish, price 19s. 6d., postage 1s., from H. J. Hough, Ltd., 49 Kensington Church Street, London, W.8

Children's Choice

FOR summer days when the baby can be put in a pram and left in the garden, Morlands have designed these new pram accessories. The canopies allow plenty of air to penetrate while preventing the harsh glare from harming the infant's eyes. The canopy is available in green, navy or maroon, and all are lined with green and have white fringes. They are made in 20-in. and 22-in. widths. Pram aprons are available to match the canopies. The canopies cost 45s. and 47s. 6d. each for the two sizes, the pram apron 29s. 11d. Post free from Davies Baby Carriages Ltd., 102 High Street, Kensington, W.8. For chillier days, Morlands have warm velour and fleecy pram rugs, each carrying an attractive nursery appliqué, two of which are shown above. Prices from £1 9s. 0d. upwards according to type.

ESTHER WILLIAMS
starring in M.G.M's
'EASY TO LOVE'
(Colour by Technicolor)
is one of many Hollywood beauties who depends on Max Factor's Tan I Pan-Cake Make-Up when away from the cameras for that fresh, young, *natural* look!

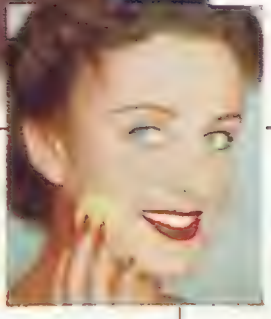
discover

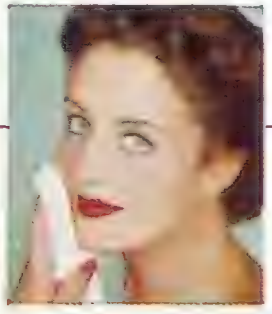
a wonderful new

loveliness

with Max Factor's Pan-Cake* Make-Up

Max Factor's lanolin-rich Pan-Cake, used with the new light touch method, gives you hours and hours of wonderful complexion beauty without a hint of dryness . . . tenderly protects your skin . . . is so light and sheer your face can't even feel it. Make up your mind to try Pan-Cake today!





THE *light touch* METHOD

1. Use a sponge that's wet, not just moist, and squeeze just short of the dripping point. Then rub *lightly* over your Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up. Remember — *lightly*. The weight of the sponge is enough to pick up the right amount. Use quick light strokes to put a *very thin* film of Pan-Cake over your entire face and throat. Do be quick! Speed is half the trick for a *light* film. Squeeze sponge dry, and finish blending with *reverse* side.

2. Now while your face is still moist, blot *immediately* with tissue. This removes any excess make-up — prevents caking. Then, puff on plenty of powder — but *lightly*. Don't rub in. Brush off surplus. This gives you the Pan-Cake *matt finish*. For *sheen* look, pat lightly with clean moist sponge.

Pan-Cake*

BY

MAX FACTOR

HOLLYWOOD

—for that 'Fresh, Young, *Natural* Look'

PRICE 4/5

GUARANTEE. Buy Max Factor Pan-Cake at any Chemist, Hairdresser or Store, and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, the very first time you use it, simply return the unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood & London (Sales) Limited, 16, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for full refund.

*Pan-Cake is the Registered Trade Mark of Max Factor & Co., Hollywood.

The Damaged Heart (*Continued from page 19*)

manages everything so perfectly that whenever I stayed with her there wasn't a thing in the house I could do to help her! I could only stand and gasp, and capable people get awfully tired of gasping at what other capable people have done."

"I don't see that they need to get in each other's way," Norman said a little doubtfully—for he too had done a good deal of gasping. "Rich people in large houses can easily get away from each other. Besides, they've both got cars and their own chauffeurs. Don't crab it from the start, Vivien. I'm nervous enough about it as it is!"

"My good boy, they won't need *my* claws with which to crab it," his wife told him. "There's one thing, however, you may reassure yourself about—angels have wings!"

No claws, however, were visible; from the moment of Henrietta's arrival, the household moved effortlessly on shining wings. No voice was raised, no wills perceptibly clashed. Angela behaved with a tact and generosity equalled if not surpassed by the gracious receptivity of Henrietta. Henrietta actually preferred the rooms that Angela had hoped she would choose.

Beppina and Marie Céleste were old friends; and both Latins. They got on well together. Each had her own chauffeur devoted to her, and sought, with varying success, to take away the other's admirer. Quarrels flared up at intervals between them, but they were ephemeral and dramatic episodes soon pushed aside, when it became necessary to combine in ferocity and concealed venom against an Anglo-Saxon household. The two maids drew enormous wages, and both their mistresses were considerate and generous to them, so that neither of them wished to be more seriously upset than they could easily manage.

Henrietta already knew and admired most of Angela's friends, and a series of inspired parties, exquisitely arranged by Angela, introduced her to the rest. Henrietta had European friends of her own in the Diplomatic Corps, whom she introduced to Angela, but Henrietta gave rather smaller and more intimate parties.

Politically they were of one mind, and though they always voted Republican in spite of their Southern blood, because their incomes suggested it, they were not averse to well selected Democrats as visitors, especially if one of them happened to be the President of the United States—and a Roosevelt. Judges of the Supreme Court and leaders of the learned professions were always welcome. Bishops were often to be found at their dinner parties; and since they were—or thought they were—intellectual, the two ladies frequently entertained the best known writers, artists and musicians; but not film stars.

Both friends were first-rate bridge players. Angela was perhaps the more brilliant, but she was apt to outbid her partner; while Henrietta, playing with less speed and imagination, always played her partner's game with unvarying steadiness and exactitude.

Angela was the more strict as to what she read and would see acted; nor would she entertain anyone beneath her roof, however celebrated, who had been divorced more than once. She never invited twice a woman who made up in public, or a man who drank more than he could comfortably carry. Henrietta was considerably more lax, but she had her own sitting-room, and seemed quite content with the stricter guests provided for her by Angela.

Henrietta thought Angela perfect, and said so to all Angela's friends. She had always loved Norman as if he were her own son, and she now found—but did not say that she had found—it equally easy to love Vivien as if she were her own daughter.

Before their first meeting, Angela had carefully prepared Henrietta for Vivien.

"YOU know, darling," she said, "we mothers of sons must accept the ultimate sacrifice. We must give the core of our hearts to other women! I know that in a sense daughters are just as dear, but perhaps the sacrifice is less complete. I sometimes think men take more from women than women take from men—if you know what I mean—and *give* less. I always say—and of course *feel*—that I have never wholly *lost* Norman through his rather premature marriage: instead I have gained a daughter! Dear Vivien—as you will find—has noble *intrinsic* qualities. She would never, I feel sure, do anything actually *base*; but she sounds the modern note; she speaks—well, I can't but deplore the whole tone of her conversation—staccato—raw—and though I hope not to Norman, unpleasantly open as regards sex. Still, she is a good girl, home-loving, and retains *some* of our older loyalties. I think you will *grow* to like her."

Henrietta found any period for growth unnecessary. She took to Vivien immediately; and her affection was warmly reciprocated.

It had been arranged that on her first visit to Norman and Vivien, Henrietta should go alone; and when she returned she said at once that she thought Norman looked splendid—handsomer than ever.

"Ah, my darling boy *is* handsome!" replied his mother with a long sigh, partly of justified triumph, but partly of regret, for what she had herself created must now be shared.

It may once or twice have penetrated the thick cloud that hung between what Angela meant to think and what she actually thought, "If he thinks the world of Vivien—as of course I wish him to think—what must he think of me?" For Norman had certainly chosen a wife as different from his mother as possible.

Fortunately the impact of Henrietta had no disintegrating effect upon Angela's greatest intimacies. Henrietta loved all three of them exactly as Angela had hoped she would. She loved Angela far the most, Norman the next best; and Vivien quite enough.

The only thing that Angela noticed, not wholly with approval, was that Henrietta never repeated a single thing that any one of them said to her about the other.

It was six months before there was the slightest sign of a shadow upon their clear horizon. Norman discovered the shadow where he had least expected to find it. Twice a year he checked his mother's meticulously kept and hitherto economical accounts. He had supposed the double household would lessen her expenses and prove for both ladies a distinct economy. Henrietta had been lavishly generous in giving her share towards the household's expenses; but for the first time in her life Mrs. Graham Adams had been living beyond her income. When Norman went into the items of her expenditure, comparing them with Henrietta's scrupulously kept accounts, which she had also obligingly placed before him, he could not avoid the conclusion that the extravagance was entirely his mother's. Whenever Henrietta gave one of her small, intimate parties, his mother, within a few days, gave a considerably larger one. His mother exactly doubled all Henrietta's lavish charities. Her wine bill had gone up in quality as well as quantity. She bought far more, and far more expensive, flowers. Even her clothes were, for a woman of sixty-eight, an exorbitant item. Before Henrietta came, Angela had spent less than half the sum on her wardrobe, and yet managed to appear one of the best-dressed women in Washington. She had a solid and not old-fashioned car. Why had she had to buy a new one since her cousin's arrival?

Henrietta's bills were modest, and left a suitable balance in the bank. Yet Henrietta, even after she had made over—on their marriages—more than half her capital to her daughters, still possessed a larger fortune than Angela's.

Something would have to be done about it. Norman could cover his mother's present overdraft, but she would have to be more careful, and retrench for the next few months. He made up his mind to be very firm, and went into the library to have it out with her.

IT was an early winter afternoon. The sun still lingered, and its last pale light mingled with the bright flames of the open wood fire. His mother was alone, and lying down. She wore a rest gown of gleaming lilac satin, with delicate flowered lace at her throat and wrists. French or Belgian princesses might have weaved the filmy lace centuries ago. Her silvery white hair rose in orderly waves above eyes so pure, so blue, so tender, that as they fixed themselves upon her son, he knew that he was not going to be able to say anything strict to her about her extravagance. If she had to be careful, it was not about money that most care was needed. Her cheeks were still the colour of apple blossom—she never touched them with rouge though she took considerable care of her complexion. Did he imagine it?—or was her cheek dry and burning beneath his lips?

He looked at his mother with unusual solicitude and saw that Vivien had been right when she had said to him, "Your mother was always slim, but she's thin now, with an edge to it."

"Darling," he asked her, "are you quite well?"

"Oh, yes, dearest," his mother said with cheerful inexactitude, "perfectly well—only resting."

Something in the sound of her controlled voice—its very timbre had effort behind it—frightened Norman.

He said, "Look here—let me see your engagement book!"

His mother evaded his demand, but in the end gave way to him. Every moment of sixteen hours out of the twenty-four was accounted for. Even the eight hours supposed to be in bed were not, Norman felt sure, devoted only to sleep. She read; she prayed; she made plans; and these activities did not come into her engagement book.

"This won't do at all, darling," he said sternly. "Henrietta is five years younger than you are. She is twenty years stronger and always has been; and she's twice as rich. Somebody has got to go *slow* in this household—and that somebody has got to be you!"

Angela was enchanted with her son's anxiety; and intended to add to it; but she began by saying that he mustn't worry and that she would do whatever he wanted. Wasn't she lying down now, just because she was going out to dinner, and to a play after it?

"Have I been terribly extravagant?" she added.

Norman instantly realized that whatever he told her, or asked of her, wouldn't work out as he wanted; but that she would spend in every direction to the verge and over it—of disaster. So he said nothing more to her about the accounts. He decided instead to speak privately to Henrietta.

Henrietta was aghast at Angela's spiritual and financial extravagance. She insisted on secretly making good the financial side of Angela's increased efforts, but found that she could do nothing to relax Angela's spiritual and social expenditure. She vainly urged fewer parties and less bridge. She offered to take on half—or the whole—of Angela's committees; but with inflexible gentleness Angela clung to them all.

"Why," she demanded of her son, "should poor Henrietta have no social life because I am not so strong as she is? It is nonsense! Besides, I enjoy our parties! I will rest a little longer in the afternoons. As for my charities, my dear boy, you must expect me to give rather more than Henrietta since I have lived in Washington all my life! No! No! Silly old Dr. Sandilands is an alarmist, and you and Vivien must put up with me for a great many years longer! My life has been enriched by Henrietta's presence. I certainly do not intend to limit *hers* by lessening my own energies! What we do together is only half as tiring as what I had to do alone."

Nevertheless, Angela grew weaker, and a mysterious rise of temperature haunted her evening hours. (*Continued on page 66*)

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"These heroic women," Dr. Sandilands told Norman impatiently, "are as bad as the lazy ones. My whole practice consists of women who do things they needn't or women who won't do things they need! I know your mother's a saint, and wants to do everything for everybody. She just doesn't know it's a sort of spiritual cheating. She grabs at other people's duties, and they lose the limelight they might have earned if she hadn't snatched them. You can't see her head for her halo! But let's try the other one; she looks to me to have more common sense!"

AT first Henrietta renewed her offers to do more all round; but when she saw that this would merely flog Angela's nerves to a swifter race, she offered to do less. Should she not close down on her social and philanthropic life and spend considerably less? But looking at her, while she offered it, Dr. Sandilands came to the conclusion that Henrietta would find these withdrawals hard, if not impossible.

"She'd do an awful lot of something else behind closed doors," he told Norman in private, "and sooner or later your mother would catch on, and do the same on a higher scale—and Boy!—I'd back your mother to reach the doors of heaven and get through first, leaving every saint in Christendom panting behind her!"

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" Norman demanded. "I'm not going to have my mother killed by Henrietta's energies—exposed or muffled."

Dr. Sandilands did not have one of the best private practices in Washington for nothing. After a pause he said,

"This tie between your mother and her cousin is a beautiful friendship. That's what they call it and that's what it *is* to them. We can't blow it up. I shall have to go about separating them in a very careful way—no visible dynamite—no back-chat. All rich women occasionally send for a doctor. When Mrs. Whitlock next has something the matter with her, I shall know what to do. You tell your intelligent wife to watch out for any possible symptoms in your cousin, and then send for me!"

Within two weeks, Henrietta had a bilious attack. It was a slight one, and came on after having had a rich, but delicious cup of coffee with whipped cream over it, given her by Vivien during a morning call. The coffee may have had something in it besides cream. Dr. Sandilands called within twenty-four hours, and told Henrietta that she must go away for a change.

"It's absolutely necessary," he said with cheerful firmness. "The condition of your heart requires it. Nothing beyond a change is indicated. Washington winters affect some people unfavourably. The climate is humid—winter or summer—and then we get these violent changes. Spring one day—and look at that snow outside today—probably spring again tomorrow. But what happens to the circulation with a heart like yours? It's thoroughly upset your heart now—only functional, of course—but you need six weeks of Palm Springs; otherwise you'd find these bilious attacks would recur—and you might have quite a nasty illness!"

Henrietta was a brave woman, but no one, however brave, likes the thought of prolonged and frequent bilious attacks.

At first Henrietta said she couldn't leave Angela just when Angela needed her most; but, as Dr. Sandilands pointed out, a second invalid in the house would not be of much use to Angela. She could well afford a nurse, and she already had Marie Céleste. Henrietta then said that Angela must decide; but she was privately rather surprised by Angela's decision. No one could have expressed more sympathy, or more regret than Angela's, over her friend's departure; but she fully accepted the necessity. Dr. Sandilands was less surprised. He knew that no chronically delicate person cares to have a second invalid under the same roof. This dislike may take many obscure forms, including that of the first invalid's clinging to the new invalid, and knocking herself up into a more serious type of illness; but helped by a common sense medical adviser, one of the forms this situation takes may result in getting rid of the second invalid.

At last Henrietta let herself be persuaded to go to Palm Springs, accompanied by Beppina, and driven by Alfredo in her own extremely comfortable car.

"If you are the least bit worse," Henrietta told Angela, "I shall come straight back!"

BUT strangely enough Angela did not become worse. In a week she was markedly better; in two, her temperature dropped; in three, she gave a party.

The servants, who had all relaxed during her illness, except for little trays carried upstairs, knew they could relax no more.

Henrietta decided that she would stay another month at Palm Springs, where she was enjoying herself very much, and doing rather more than usual with impunity. Beppina and Alfredo definitely preferred the hotel at Palm Springs to Angela's household at Washington. Being Italian and devoted to their mistress, they found a good many ways of letting their preference leak into Henrietta's mind. Henrietta never knew that she was influenced by her servants: she thought she had the best servants in the world, who carried out her every wish; and she was right; but Beppina and Alfredo took care that some of these wishes should be their own.

At the end of two months, just as Angela had written asking her to come back in time for the cherry blossoms—so tenderly offered to America by the Japanese at the time the Americans had least cause to like them—one of Henrietta's married daughters asked her mother to go with her to Reno. Even after her divorce at Reno, Dorothea, beautiful, distracted, and much admired by a man who intended to be her second husband, clung to her mother.

Henrietta too felt that there oughtn't to be any hurry about this second marriage, and took her daughter to San Francisco for the summer.

Six months separated the two households. Angela wrote again imploring Henrietta to return; and Henrietta—no longer able to delay Dorothea's second marital experiment—warmly agreed. But before the date was fixed, Henrietta had received a mysterious letter from Vivien.

The first page of the letter said how much she and Norman appreciated all Henrietta had done for Angela. Henrietta was not surprised at this appreciation. She had done a good deal for Angela one way or another; and she meant to do still more. The next page, however, was rather surprising, because it tried to explain why it would be best, in spite of what Henrietta had done, and was prepared to do, for Angela, for Henrietta *not* to return to Washington.

"I AM almost afraid to explain what I have to say—because even you might not understand it—dear Henrietta, whom we both love so much! But Mother isn't as strong as she was before you came—she's been so wonderfully happy with you—but it makes her do too much. She has to live—or seems to have to live—*more* than her own life. She spends more of herself—it isn't only what she *has*, it's what she *is*!"

She just runs on and on until she drops—only she *won't* drop! Norman and I have tried to show her she needn't; in a sense it isn't you at all, but it's what—because you're there—she suddenly sees she must do; and if you weren't there, she wouldn't! Angela wants you to return awfully; it's Dr. Sandilands who says he thinks it would be bad for her. That's the real reason—not your heart at all—that he wanted you to go away. She'll be terribly upset not to have you come back. But she'll be more upset, we think, without knowing *why*—if you do!

"Can you forgive me for writing this?—And not think I'm just a beast of a daughter-in-law who doesn't see how lovely her mother-in-law is? Do please try to understand. It's been very hard to explain—and all the harder that we're terribly fond of you, and want you to come back for ourselves."

HENRIETTA read this letter three times. The first time she was simply incredulous, and extremely angry with Vivien. The second time she was less angry, and just a little amused. The third time she was not angry at all; but she found that she had ceased to be amused: she was even crying a little. It was all so silly and so sad. For she and Angela had been quite extraordinarily happy in Washington together, with their long past joined on to their solid present, and their assured fortunes, entirely in their own extremely capable hands—except, of course, for the will of God.

Henrietta was very simple in her indefinite religion and extremely sincere about it; and if it was the will of God for her to part with Angela—as it seemed to be—she quickly decided that they must part without the slightest injury to their life-long friendship.

She wrote an affectionate and reassuring letter to Vivien, without mentioning her mother-in-law at all, but explaining with sympathetic regret that the San Francisco doctor had confirmed Dr. Sandilands' opinion. She'd taken a large flat and found a wonderful Chinese cook, and supposed she'd have to stay where she was.

When Angela was told of Henrietta's decision, she was shaken, not angry—but deeply, deeply grieved. The whole household, and Norman's too, was shaken by Angela's grief. Dr. Sandilands was more than shaken; he was—and for no explicable reason—dismissed.

ANGELA wrote to Henrietta that she was heartbroken; but as summers in Washington were impossible, and she could easily let her seaside cottage in Maine, she would now spend her summers with Henrietta instead. They would join their households for at least four months of the year in California. She would bring Marie Céleste, and her chauffeur with the car, and be glad to share the expense of the new Chinese cook.

Henrietta thought about this letter, a good deal longer than she had thought about Vivien's; then she acted.

She wrote to Angela that it was a glorious plan and that they must certainly carry it out, when she got back from Europe. Unfortunately, her second daughter's marriage now sounded unstable; after all that they had believed about the solidity of English husbands, Maude's husband had turned out to be regrettably volatile. In spite of dear Mr. Chamberlain's wisdom, too, the European war had begun—but Henrietta thought in a very quiet way, which needn't interfere with her taking a return ticket, on the Queen Mary.

Angela felt still more deeply grieved. She even remarked rather tartly that she thought Henrietta had been too supine about her daughters' marriages. She had not arranged for the right sort of men to appear at the psychological moment; nor had she used pressure. Young girls always lost their heads without pressure.

IN the spring of 1940 the European War became far more disturbing to everybody all round; but Henrietta had got back to California before the bombing became serious.

In June the date was fixed for Angela's long visit; but Henrietta made no more plans to circumvent it. Somebody else sent Norman a telegram to stop Angela's journey, since Henrietta had very simply and easily died, a week before Angela was expected.

Dr. Sandilands had been unconsciously correct in his diagnosis. Her daughter wrote that Henrietta had always known that she had a damaged heart, but it hadn't prevented her from living exactly the kind of life that she wanted to live. She had only thought it much better not to mention it.

Angela never recovered from her grief at losing Henrietta; but she lived for the next ten years in rather better health than she had ever known.

END

In a 'gin and it'

better drink

MARTINI

SWEET

She: There's no mistake about this cocktail.

He: No mistake is right. It's a 'gin and it' that's really 'it'.

She: You can't go wrong where the vermouth is Martini.

He: No. It was the wonderful Martini flavour that made Gin and Italian famous.

She: After all, it's the vermouth that *makes* the cocktail.

Both: And Martini makes the vermouth.

Although millions remember St. Ivel, there were also millions who grew into womanhood and manhood during the absence of St. Ivel Cheese from the shops. It was a long time, but let us forget all that, and think only of the fact that the consistency of a cream cheese and the delicate flavour of a choice cheddar is YOURS when you ask for St. Ivel Cheese.

IN PACKETS
AT 10½d.

FRESH UP FROM SOMERSET

Too Like A Fairy Tale

(*Continued from page 12*)

"You must be patient with me," he said. "You must remember how long it is since I've been able to order myself a meal."

He had the enthusiasm of a small boy. His eyes kept wandering round the room as though he were seeing a London restaurant for the first time. He made amusing comments on the other people there: comments that showed interest and perspicacity. She remembered the sophisticated men who had squired her round such places before the war: young men for whom boredom was the fashion. Her eyes rested on him in a self-questioning glance. Yes, she thought. Yes, I think I could fall in love with you.

And I don't think, she was to add to herself half an hour later, that I should find it so very difficult.

He was talking about the war.

"It's perfectly ridiculous," he was saying, "the way the government treats us as though we were a lot of children. They never tell us anything till it's two months old and we've guessed it all already. Why can't they treat us like adult people?"

There was an indignation in his voice that she had not met before in a man of his age. Men of thirty who were successful or were on their way to success were for the most part cynically or complacently careerists. She had not before met anyone of thirty who had retained his boyhood capacity for indignation, his impatience to remould the world nearer to his heart's desire. Clem Howard had not lost his youth in manhood.

No, it wouldn't be so very difficult, she thought, as she stood at his side at the evening's close, as the band played. He was so vital. He was such a man—and such a boy.

"It's been the loveliest evening," she began.

"But it's not over yet!"

"No?"

"Of course it isn't. We are going to have a bottle of bubbly first."

"Are we?"

"You bet we are. Don't bother to put your coat on. We can go upstairs."

"Upstairs?"

"To my suite. This is a hotel as well as a restaurant, you know."

"I know, but. . . ."

She checked, puzzled. The idea of drinking champagne in a hotel suite was so unusual that for the moment she could not answer him.

At the sight of her surprise the smile left his face.

"Oh, very well then, if you'd rather go to a night club, we can go to one."

"It isn't that, it's. . . ."

"Never mind what it is. I thought it would be rather nice to sit and talk quietly for an hour. But if you'd rather be shouted at in a smoky night club, then let's shout."

She tried to remonstrate but he overbore her. "No, no," he said, "we'll go. You run along and fix yourself."

In the powder room she stared ruefully at her reflection. He was angry and hurt. He was so touchy; so absurdly touchy, so easily put off. But it wasn't her fault, it really wasn't. To be asked to drink champagne in a hotel suite. It was something that had never been suggested to her before. In Canada it was no doubt different. Yes, now she came to think of it, of course it was. In films and novels Americans and Canadians were always taking hotel suites when they came into town. No doubt to ask a girl up to one's suite was for a Canadian the equivalent of a Londoner's taking a girl back to his flat for a final drink.

She smiled ruefully at her reflection. It was a typical international misunderstanding, she supposed. In that case it was up to her to put it right.

On his face as she came into the lounge, however, there was a look that made rapprochement difficult.

"We'll go to the 600," he said. "I'm told that that's the place."

At the head of the stairs looking down into the crowded room he shrugged.

"What a place," he said, "and golly but what people!"

Before the war it had been at places like the 600 where late in the evening the escorts who had grumbled about the food and company at restaurants like Quaglino's began to take some interest in their surroundings. With Clem Howard the procedure was reversed. From the vantage point of a bad and centre table, he glared angrily about him. What food, what wine and what a place—the heat, the smoke, the band, the price.

"And this," he said, "is London's idea of a big night. Look at it. I ask you. Look at it. So English too. The English don't mind breaking the law, providing they break it in a certain way: provided a formula to preserve the conventions can be found, you may serve drinks in a night club after two o'clock. But if you can call a night club a bottle party, the conventions have been prescribed and that's all that matters, even if the result is a hole like this."

Before the war it was at places like the 600 that early in the morning she had found herself relenting towards the escorts whom she had vowed earlier in the evening never to meet again. Now that process was reversed. As his temper rose, hers rose to meet it. He was angry, she knew, not with the 600 but with her. He was attributing to the English regard for the proprieties her reluctance to go up to his suite. She knew that he was making that reluctance the focus for everything that he had found exasperating in the English temperament during his two years here. He was as touchy as he was tough. At another time this trait in him might have made her feel pityingly protective toward him, but she was angry with him for spoiling her evening. It was his fault, seventy-five per cent of it. If he chose to be absurd

then let him be. If he chose to think of her as a timid, convention-ridden Victorian miss let him go on thinking it. If he couldn't make the attempt to place himself in her position, to understand why she had reacted in that way, she wasn't going to help him out. She wasn't going to make things easy for him.

Impatiently, resentfully, she listened. If he chose to talk that kind of nonsense, she wasn't stopping him.

They drove back from the 600 in very opposite corners of the taxi.

And that was three months ago and there had been no letter during the following week, and though she had gone twice, thinking herself a fool for going, to a Grosvenor House Thé Dansant, there had been no sign of him. The weeks had passed and now it was from her father that she had learned that he had been ordered overseas; and overseas in the spring of '41 could mean one thing only—the Middle East.

In all human probability they had met for the last time, and it would have been ridiculous, of course, for her to talk about a broken heart. Her heart wasn't broken. The thing hadn't had time to go that deep. . . . It could have, though. It could so easily. It would have, had chance willed otherwise, and with Clem Howard, it wouldn't have been just falling in love with him. It would have been loving him as well. He would have touched deep things in her. He needed somebody like her, just as she needed somebody like him. He was so strong in some ways, so weak in others. They were the complements of each other. It could have been the real thing easily.

Yet there he was going all those miles away, thinking of her as of a timid convention-ridden miss, thinking of her because she was that, as being typically English. It was a pity, rather more than a pity.

So she brooded as she drove the heavy car through the soft March sunlight, as on her return she washed the car down in the garage; as she made her way to the office, to ring up regional, to make her entries in the logbook, before she settled down before the fire to a late cup of tea, to gossip with the other girls, to listen to the radio, to play pontoon or "Vingty" for an hour before supper.

Weary, relaxed, too weary to be unhappy she walked into the office.

The girl by the telephone looked up. "Oh, hallo. A telephone message has just come through from a Captain Howard. He's leaving Friday. He wants you to come to a cocktail party and stay on to dinner afterwards."

* * *

THE party was in a private room at Fleming's. She arrived late purposely. She did not want to have to make conversation with him during that first awkward ten minutes when the first guests were arriving. By the time that she arrived the room was full. At the sight of her in the doorway a great boyish grin lit up his face.

He hurried over to her. "This is grand. I was so terrified lest you might not be able to come," he said.

The pressure of his thumb, as it had on that evening in the hall of her father's flat, moved gently against her hand. It was all just as it had been before the quarrel.

"Let me see now," he hurried on, "who is there here that might amuse you? Yes, of course there's Dr. Ferguson. First-class fellow, great authority on Chinese stamps."

Dr. Ferguson was short and scraggy and undistinguished, a general practitioner of no achievement who collected stamps as a hobby. At no other ordinary time could she have imagined herself deriving the faintest entertainment from Dr. Ferguson's conversation. There was, however, a contagious atmosphere about the party, and to her surprise she found herself actually enjoying it.

Over the heads of his guests she watched Clem as he moved from group to group. No. There was no one like him. Such confidence, such vivacity, such youth, with, underneath that confidence, something that was hurt so easily. Her thoughts grew tender. Yes, she thought, I could, I do.

He had asked her for dinner afterwards. His train left just before eleven. The cocktail party, she supposed, would drag on until it was time to order up some buffet meal, then most of them would come on to the station to see him off.

To her surprise, however, she noticed that as eight o'clock approached, guest after guest was being taken leave of, that Clem was organizing their departure, taking each to the door in turn with a "Well, I can't tell you what a difference you've made to my time here."

By ten past eight there were only two left besides herself.

With a smile he came across to her for the first time since her arrival.

"And now," he said, "I can really start to enjoy my evening. Have you met the other two that are coming with us? Mr. and Mrs. Forrester. I was billeted on them my first two months here. I can't say how lucky I feel myself to have got the three people I really wanted for my last dinner."

He smiled down at her as he spoke with the slightly self-conscious smile of one who has cleverly stage-managed an effect.

There was no doubt in her mind of what that smile was saying.

We had that row, it said, that ridiculous, absurd misunderstanding. There's no time now to go into the whys and wherefores of it. It would take too long. And there isn't any need. By asking you alone, at this last dinner, to meet this middle-aged married couple, I'm showing you that you're the one person that matters to me personally in England.

It was that, that smile was saying. Warmly and gratefully she met his smile. It had not happened in the way that she had expected, but this way, his way, was the better way. The thing that had to be said between them had been said, silently, in shorthand.

Thank you, her smile said, thank you.

Cosily, happily, the hundred minutes of the dinner passed.

"The bill, please, waiter."

It was close on ten. He had to collect his (*Continued on page 70*)

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luggage from the cloak-room. There might be a dearth of porters.

"Yes, one taxi, please," he told the chasseur.

She rose to her feet. She was sad, yes, sad that he was going, but she was not unhappy. She was too certain of the future to be unhappy. It was all going to be all right now.

"Now let me see. You live in Portland Place, don't you?" he was saying to the Forresters. "I'm bound for Euston. I can drop you on the way. Then perhaps—" he turned to her—"you could come on to the station and see me off."

"But surely. . . ." It was the husband who started to protest, but his wife cut him short.

"No, no," she interrupted, "it's getting late. It would be much simpler if Clem drops us first."

A quick glance of conspiracy passed between them.

"Of course," the husband said, "of course."

It happened so quickly that it had happened before she could realize that it had begun to happen. Incredulously with a sunken heart she stared at him. So it was to this point, this end that all his stage management had been directed. Oh, darling, she thought, you couldn't possibly have planned things worse.

No, not possibly, she decided, as the taxi rattled northward after it had deposited the Forresters outside their flat. It was twenty past ten. The station was less than ten minutes' drive away. There would then be the bustle with the luggage; the arguments with porters; the business of finding the platform and the carriage. By the time all that was over, there would be a bare ten minutes left. Twenty minutes in all, and it was so that they might have that interrupted twenty minutes together that he had laid these elaborate plans. Dismally she looked at him across the taxi.

They had been so at ease with each other at the party, at the dinner table when there had been other people there, when explanations were impossible. They were so un-at-ease now when they were alone in a planned aloneness.

There was a first moment of embarrassed silence into which they both broke simultaneously with irrelevant remarks that each at once abandoned, leaving the continuation of the subject to the other. There was another embarrassed pause, a longer pause. This is ghastly, she thought, quite ghastly, as she broke the pause with a firmly resolute inquiry about the time his journey was likely to take.

Before he could answer, the taxicab had drawn up outside the station. An argument started between the porters about a barrow and one of those muddles about a wrongly-registered piece of luggage that seem inseparable from the departure of night trains in wartime.

There was then some doubt as to whether the train was running in two sections.

It was after twenty to eleven before he was settled finally into his compartment. In eight minutes he would be gone. But instead of the gay crowd of friends thronged round him on the platform waving him good luck, there was just herself sitting on the edge of his bunk with himself standing at the door, a dark and angry frown upon his face. No, really he couldn't have planned it worse.

She wanted to be angry with him, but she couldn't be. His bad planning was so much a part of him. She knew so exactly how he was feeling, how furious he was with himself for having spoiled the evening. Refusing to admit that the fault was his, blaming it on her, in the same way that he had blamed on her the wretched end to their evening at Quaglino's.

The minutes were ticking by. The frown on his face grew darker. They were making conversation about the amount of kit that he was taking and all that lovely cosiness was lost—lost irrecoverably. If only something could break this barrier between them, but he constitutionally and emotionally was incapable of breaking it and she, what was there she could do?

Despondently she rose to her feet. She stretched out her hand.

"I must be going. The best of luck," she said.

For a half second he did not take her hand. He stared at her. The dark frown left his face, to be replaced by a puzzled, helpless look—the look of a child who realizes that something serious is happening but cannot realize how serious that something is. His hand closed over her fingers desperately.

"But listen, you can't go like this. I mean to say. . . ."

He checked. He half opened his mouth, closed it, hesitated. "You," he began.

But he never got further than that "You." At that moment, the train began to move.

For a half second, they stared at each other, then simultaneously they bolted for the corridor.

"To the left!" he shouted.

The door was at the far end of the corridor. A large man standing in the doorway of one of the compartments was blocking it. By the time they had pushed past him, the train had begun to gather speed. The conductor barred their way.

"You're past the platform," he said. "You can't open that door now."

"But we must . . . after all. . . ."

Clem stopped. What was there he could say? What was there he could do? The train had started, was rushing them through the night, through the blacked-out suburbs.

"When's the first stop?" he asked.

"Crewe."

"But that's miles away. When on earth do we get there?"

"If we're lucky, about three o'clock."

"Three o'clock, but. . . ."

He paused. An old music-hall song ran through his head. He turned to her. His eyes were twinkling.

"Do you know that song?" he asked.

She nodded, then burst out laughing. Together they chanted the words to each other:

"Oh, Mr. Porter, what shall I do?
I want to go to Birmingham
And they're taking me on to Crewe. . . ."

On the bunk of the sleeping compartment, they spread out the store of their common wealth. She had to get back to London, and she had only four and threepence. He had a long sea trip ahead of him and by Army regulations he was only allowed to take twenty-five pounds in notes out of the country. He was trying to work out the least amount that she would require for her journey back. The conductor had looked up her fare, but there would be a number of extras. Tea on the train. A taxi at the other end. Clem was contesting the size of the tip that she need give the driver.

"Surely a shilling would be ample," he was arguing. He raised the palms of his hands, sideways and upward. They laughed together. They were gaily, cosily happy, just as they had been at their friendship's start. It seemed impossible that twenty minutes ago there could have been constraint between them.

"And now," he said as he transferred a pile of coins and notes into her handbag, "there's nothing to do but decide how best we're going to pass the four hours between here and Crewe."

But on that point she had her mind made up.

"I'm on duty tomorrow," she said. "I've got to get some sleep. You lend me some pyjamas. Then while I undress you can find yourself a seat somewhere in the train. Then you can come back and talk to me over a final cigarette before I do go to sleep, only mind you see to it that I'm waked up at Crewe."

She undressed quickly, hanging her coat so that it shaded the hard light over the basin.

The pyjama jacket fell loosely about her shoulders. It was striped against a grey background in green and yellow. Whenever he wears this, she thought, for as long as ever he's away, he'll think of me.

She slipped into the narrow bunk, switched off the reading light behind her head, sat back among the pillows, her arms crossed behind her head.

On her lips there was a smile of triumph. So he had thought of the English as convention-ridden. He had thought of her as a prim Victorian miss. She had her answer ready: an answer that would write her memory upon his heart forever. Her heart beating with a happy confidence, she waited for the sound of his feet along the corridor, for the tap of his knuckles on the door.

As the door opened, she opened her arms to him.

* * *

Across eleven years she could re-live in vivid detail that moment as the door slid open. No, there had been no proposal, no talk of marriage: they had just known as the train stopped at Crewe, two hundred minutes later that they were engaged.

"Please, please tell me," her daughter was insisting.

She shook her head. One day she might tell her daughter, in ten, twelve, fifteen years, when her daughter in the flush and arrogance of youth was accusing her of "stuffiness," demanding "how could you understand": one day but not now.

She excused herself.

"No, darling, it's too like a fairy-tale. I'll tell you a real story, about your grandfather: One evening in the fourth winter, in the blackout. . . ."

END

Going Down With The Jones'

(*Continued from page* 13)

made the effort—we know which pair of hands would have to do all the chores. So we compromise by asking friends in "to coffee," that bastard repast that is neither one thing nor the other. Even then the men coagulate at one end of the room keeping the whisky decanter warm while the women get into a huddle and sooner or later their conversation takes the same old turn: the glory of the old days. Veterans of the Boer War, worn-out opera singers, ex-boxers have nothing on us for nostalgia.

We gloat over that marvellous little tailor who used to build us the most exquisite suits for six guineas; we run through the cars we used to have, starting with that funny little two-seater with a dickey and working up to the six-cylinder coachwork job. It is a kind of delicious torture remembering Kate and Annie and Maud who in turn ruled over our kitchen, superb in striped gingham and starched cap, serving us—apparently willingly—for ten shillings a week. Our hands are such a disgrace we spend most of the evening sitting on them.

Far from keeping up appearances, we take a morbid pleasure in baring our financial souls: we vie with each other to prove the direst poverty. Not two halfpennies to rub together have we got, we moan triumphantly. Holiday? Good gracious, no, we can't afford holidays. Theatres? We haven't seen a thing since *Rose Marie*!

Now—are we right or are we wrong? Shall we fling all our old ideas overboard and throw in our lot with the working class: frankly enjoy a bloater for tea, fill our homes with pink plastic and call our husband Dad? Or shall we struggle on as we are, with bitterness gradually corroding every facet of our lives? My vote (*Continued on page* 72)

When the meal's an occasion . . .

Make friends with Martell

CORDON BLEU

A fine liqueur brandy

ROSA

A medium sherry for all occasions

TIO PEPE

The finest and driest of them all

One of these is sure *to please*

GONZALEZ BYASS

Sherries of Distinction

goes for neither premise. I vote for keeping an even keel and hanging on to our sense of humour. Also (I'm whispering now) *was* life so perfect in the old days? I doubt it.

I think uncritical nostalgia for the past can be as dangerous as an unknown drug in the hands of a child.

Honestly, weren't we sometimes bored to tears at those dinner parties, with the doctor recounting his latest operation, and the vicar bemoaning the dry rot in the chancel? Weren't Kate or Annie or Maud more often than not in one of their moods, with us too scared to set foot in the kitchen, afraid of their seething and silent fury? And just because other hands swept and cleaned for us weren't we driven to the brink of the then fashionable suburban neurosis? Time hung. We played bridge with women we disliked because there seemed nothing more worth while to do. We hardly knew how to get through the day, existing in a sort of limbo until our husband got home at seven. Then there was often an atmosphere because we couldn't resist recounting the emptiness or irritation of our day. Now most of us are working, too, and when we come together in the evening we have something more interesting to talk about than the temperament of the boiler or the bunged up sink.

A theatre *couldn't* have been the thrill it is today. Because we so seldom go, our play days are red letter days and we hug them to us and live on with them for days.

Would our children grow into better men and women if they went to expensive schools? Surely they will have a better understanding of all types of humanity than we did. We couldn't possibly understand a viewpoint that we never came across.

There is a lot we've lost, granted, but don't let's lose our sense of proportion. And—let's face it—we were younger then. In the way of things responsibilities heap on you with the years. It is right that the young should be carefree, but it is asking too much to expect the same dispensation in maturity.

Don't we, perhaps, expect too much? We whine that we cannot afford to go abroad—even to Paris—every year. But could we, then? Just as childhood summers seemed always bursting with sunshine so we evoke pockets bulging with gold. A refrigerator was a *luxury* in the thirties; now we feel ill-used if we haven't one. Just as many unpleasant letters were written by bank managers then, they only *seem* more unpleasant now!

They have a flair for living and worth above rubies: those rare birds who manage to live graciously on twopence a week, and the secret lies in their contented hearts and spirits that don't demand the impossible, but accept the inevitable gracefully. If they can do it we can. From now on my target is gracious living—even if on a shoe-string!

END

Going Down With The Jones'

"With All My Worldly Goods . . ."

(*Continued from page 15*)

arranges in connexion with that event. She is not even Scottish by birth. Not so many years ago she was a waitress in a London café and from that job turned to modelling.

I also know a charming middle-aged woman whose family has one of the great names of English history. She is the wife of a vicar with a poorly endowed living in an industrial town. Her personal income goes to charity and she lives entirely on the stipend of her husband. I doubt whether one in a thousand of the parishioners know of her gentle birth. She has adapted herself with charm and modesty to a different level—the level her husband's calling demands.

Usually, of course, womanly adventure in marriage takes her upwards. I think it is possibly because men have an instinctive knowledge that love, intelligence and beauty can make a good mate, and that these qualities are often valued as worthy contributions of plebeian stock to the aristocratic tree.

In those countries where conventions were too rigid on marriage, in-breeding caused inevitable decay. The glory of our own Royal family is at least partly due to the vigorous blood of non-royal stock which has from time to time enriched it. The Royal families of Europe overwhelmed by the disasters of insanity and hereditary ailments failed to show this flexibility in mating which would have ensured survival.

The bar sinister is something of which many of our great families are proud. There is hardly an ancient family which cannot cite an example of an adventurous alliance: Saxon peasant girl with Norman baron, merchant's daughter with Tudor knight, seamstress with Regency buck, Gaiety Girl with Edwardian gallant. . . .

The last alliances are, of course, the most vivid examples one can quote today. Some historians suggest that Edward VII's regard for the Dean's daughter from Jersey, Lily Langtry, started the erosion in England's social fabric. This was not so. The Royal code was very strict. The Jersey Lily simply fitted into the exalted circles in which she moved. As Lady de Bathe she became one of the great pillars of twentieth-century social life.

Gertie Millar, the fascinating star of the Gaiety, as the Countess of Dudley added lustre to that family's name. Another Gaiety girl, Rosie Boote, as the Marchioness of Headfort, was a distinguished member of the brilliant society of pre-1914 and is today admired and sought after for the charm and wit which is ageless.

The most brilliant triumph of a woman in adventurous marriage is surely that of American-born Mrs. Wallis Simpson. She had a battle to face which would have appalled any man. But the Duchess of Windsor has, even in the hearts of her severest critics, been supremely successful in her rôle as wife—a social rôle which is probably as difficult as any woman has ever attempted.

The marriage conventions of Britain, like so many of her unwritten laws, mystify the foreigner. They read of estates being sold up, of scions of noble houses working as commission salesmen in New York, of dukes in the market garden business. They read of marriage after marriage between aristocrat and commoner.

They pay lip service to democracy by claiming that the end of the whole old-fashioned business of class is overdue—but at the same time they regret the passing of a colourful period.

Then they see the Coronation—and Royal Ascot—the House of Lords—the Opening of Parliament. They envy the wonderful traditional pageantry which is our pride and heritage.

They don't understand that the whole complex business of British social life is an adventurous, unfinished experiment. A vital part of it is the marriages between people whose social disparity is often so great that they would disgust a Soviet commissar.

He cannot know, poor dear, that it is just one of those anomalous ways of British life which has enabled us to set before the world a standard of civilization which has never been surpassed.

END

It Makes Me Mad!

(*Continued from page 16*)

Won't anyone convince hat manufacturers that women really do have various sizes of head, the same as men?

There just does not seem to be an answer to this one. If you want a hat that is dainty, youthful and fashionable, and your head is a bit bigger than what is regarded as a stock size, you are unlucky. Presumably it is the old problem of economic production.

Among all types of women there is a demand for a stylish shoe with medium-height heel. Why do the designers imagine you cannot have a medium-high heel on a fashion shoe?

I just cannot convince any footwear designers about this. They divide shoes into two kinds: fashion shoes, which *must* make a tapering line with the leg, and the ankle, and can only achieve this with high heels. Or flat shoes worn for comfort, not fashion. It seems to me there is not even a semblance of an excuse here.

Very few shops make out a bill showing what you are paying, unless you are having the goods delivered for you. You have to take pot luck that the assistant is remembering all the prices correctly and adding them up straight. And with goods that may come to odd weights, and therefore odd amounts, like cheese or cabbages, it is almost impossible to check.

That it seems is just a matter of laziness. The shops make the excuse that customers like to be served quickly and do not want to wait until a bill is made out. But they admit the customers never complain when they *are* making out a bill, for delivery, for instance. "We are almost never wrong; having paper around for adding up makes the counters untidy; customers do not like waiting and do not want bills; and in any case, the chances of being undercharged are just as great as those of being overcharged, so it balances out in the long run," one manager told me. But nobody could answer this one: Why must they use the butter or the bacon for their sums, letting the pencils go through the wrappers, often after they have stuck the points in their mouths first?

Why can't children buy themselves one banana or one orange with their pocket money? These fruits still seem only to be sold by the pound.

This, it seems, is a hangover from the days of food rationing and price control—the price of fruit could be controlled only by weight because it varies in size so much. But, I was assured by the Fruit Trades Association, *there is nothing to stop the retailer pleasing himself and his customers.* And this was confirmed by the Ministry of Food. Some shops find their customers prefer to go on buying by weight; others have put oranges and bananas on the same plane as lemons and pineapples.

There doesn't seem to be any satisfactory answer yet to the old problem of clothes lost or damaged at the laundry. Usually, missing goods are replaced without question, but the substitute is rarely as satisfactory as the original and payment, if made, seems arbitrary, without regard to the value of the lost garment.

The Institution of British Launderers worked out a good average figure of compensation they thought would give the customer a fair deal and still protect the laundries from anyone pulling a fast one on them. They settled on "twenty times the amount the customer would have paid for the laundering charge of the article in dispute" as the general maximum compensation. "But," said an Institution spokesman, "if that really is far below what the article is worth, there is nothing to stop the launderer paying out more, at his discretion." In other words, how much you get out of the laundry depends on how much fuss you make—and how good was the condition of the lost article when you sent it to the wash.

END

Two Men And A Promise

(*Continued from page 31*)

glass of port to the health of the Queen. Even if she declined, she'd be sure to ask him in for a cup of somethin'—or even a glass of somethin'—an' a chat, and, accordin' to circumstances, I'd have a chance to wander round the place an' perhaps pick up some little trifle whiles Mike was cheerin' a lonely woman, who'd given up the chance of an outin' just to mind her boss's property—an' there's two noble motives for you.

Well, we went along to the Court as planned, an' Mike knocked on the back door, an' from behind the laurel hedge that hides the dustbins, I saw him go in. It wasn't long before he came out again, an' Mrs. Major with him, wearin' a hat an' a mackintosh and carryin' an umbrella against the rain which was fallin'. They set off down the drive, Mike holdin' the umbrella, an' I let them out of sight and then set about gettin' in the house. Of course the back door was locked —I'd seen Mrs. M. whip out her bunch of keys, so I didn't even bother to try it—but the downstairs lavatory window didn't give me much trouble, an' I was soon strollin' over the fancy rugs in the hall, as free an' easy as if I'd been the Squire himself.

There's a collection of little boxes in the library—gold an' silver an' fancy colours, an' some with jewels stuck on them. They're in a case with a glass lid, an' I'd seen them often when I'd been to tenant's tea parties an' Christmas do's an' whatnot. I'd had more than one chance to examine that case, an' I knew I could have it open in no time; an' a couple of those little boxes wouldn't show a gap—not if the rest was moved round a bit.

I was feelin' as gay as could be, an' whistlin' a tune as I walked into the library; but I hadn't got more than half way across it before I froze in me tracks, for a voice came from nowhere, an' said :

"Good mornin', Tim, you sound very cheerful."

It wasn't more than a second or two before I spotted the edge of a newspaper peekin' over the back of one of the armchairs; an' there was the squire's young brother, in a dressin' gown, with a bottle of whisky an' a half-full glass on a table by his side.

"Good *mornin'*, Mister Eustace," ses I; "I didn't see you, you gave me quite a start."

"I'm sorry about that," he ses; an' though he didn't seem interested to know why I was there, I thought I'd better tell him.

"I understand there's somethin' wrong with the wireless, an' I just looked in to see if I could put it right; but I'll not be disturbin' you, seein' you're readin."

"Oh, that's quite all right, go ahead," he ses, so I whipped a screwdriver out of me pocket, got the back off the wireless an' fiddled about a bit with it, makin' it squeak an' whistle. After a while I calmed it down, switched it on normal, fastened up the back an' put me screwdriver in me pocket.

"That's all right now, sir." I looked hard at the whisky bottle, but me thoughts can't have had the right kind of 'fluence, for he only said, "Thank you, Tim; Mrs. Major's just gone to the Red Lion with your friend Mike, but if you like to wait in the servant's hall till she comes back, I daresay she'll give you a cup of tea."

"That's very kind of you, sir, but I think I'll get along to the Lion meself; I said I'd meet Mike there."

SO off I went, an' Mike looked real surprised an' a bit upset when I walked into the bar: I think he was enjoyin' Mrs. M.'s company an' thought he was goin' to have it to himself for quite a while longer.

I sat down with them an' ordered a pint of wallop an' a port chaser, an' we chatted till Mrs. M. said she must be gettin' back.

The next part of our plan concerned the widow Temple's hen pen. She's the meanest old party in the whole village, an' we was positive she'd be in the Bell, watchin' the television, for no better reason than that it was a free show; but we just looked in to make certain, an' sure enough, there she was, in a front seat, with the feather on her Sunday hat spoilin' the view of the folks for three rows behind her.

It was rainin' sharply now, an' there wasn't a livin' soul in sight as we went back down the main street. The widow's house is in a side lane, an' there's about half an acre of ground, where she grows fruit an' veg' for sale, an' keeps hens. She'd a pen of fine cockerels she'd been fattenin' as table birds, an' we'd worked out she could easily spare some of them, an' still show a handsome profit, so Mike shinned over the wall, an' I sat on top to keep a lookout, in case anyone came down the lane.

Mike hadn't gone fifty yards before I noticed somethin' we'd both missed. The widow has a brute of an airedale dog, that's part of her mean set-up, as it barks like a maniac if anyone so much as sets foot in the garden at night. Well, this unholy animal lives in a kennel beyond the chicken pens, an' I could see the gate was open.

I was just goin' to whistle softly to Mike an' tell him to keep an eye skinned in case of trouble, but I had to change me mind an' shout, for that flea-ridden cantankerous beast came chargin' round the corner of the house like a jet-propelled bag of bones.

"Mike ! Mike !" I yelled. "Look out, man ! Run fer yer life !"

He took one look behind, an' sprinted for the wall, whiles I laid on me stomach with both hands free, ready to help him.

He nearly made it, but just as I was draggin' him up alongside me, that hell-hound made a great spring an' grabbed the seat of his pants.

The jerk nearly made me loose me grip, but I managed to hold on to Mike an' pull him up beside me, though the back part of his trousers was left in the widow's garden, an' a piece of his shirt tail too.

Our journey back through the village was a bit awkward, on account of me havin' to walk close behind Mike as if we was Siamese twins: it was the time when there was a break in the Coronation ceremony, so that everyone could get their dinners; and folks was comin' out of the Bell, saying to one another that they'd meet (*Continued on page 74*)

For the modern woman

No word is said, but he senses the aura of fragrance around her, the presence of that lovely perfume from the fields of Mitcham. So tranquil . . . so subtle . . . so endearing. Potter & Moore? To be sure.

Potter & Moore

Mitcham Lavender

Famous for over 200 years for its delicate bouquet and long lasting fragrance.

In attractive flasks, prices 3/6, 5/-, 6/9, 11/3, 15/9 at all chemists and stores

I love

APRY

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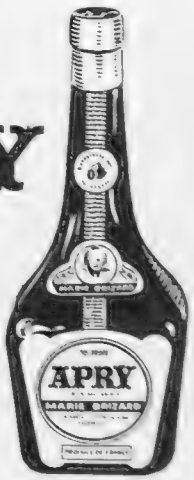


there again in the afternoon. We got a few curious looks, includin' one from the widow Temple, but I saw Mike home, an' left him to repair himself against the festivities startin' up again, when we could get on to the last part of our plan. This concerned the row of houses that ends the village, an' we met there at two thirty.

There's eight houses in that row, an' the Greens at number one have a television set. They treat their neighbours as if they was bad eggs—acknowledgin' their existence, but not wishin' to get into close contact with them—but we felt certain the dislike would be ditched on this special occasion, in the spirit of goodwill, and to show off their fine television set.

Well, we was right. The sittin' room curtains at the Greens was drawn, but there was a chink or two, an' we had a peek through, checkin' up that all the neighbours was there; so we went on with me idea, though Mike was gettin' a bit restive about it by now.

The rain had let up, an' we agreed to work the houses away from the Greens—one of us poppin' in an' the other keepin' watch alternate. We strolled into the garden of Thalassa, which is the second house in the line, an' was workin' out our positions, when up the path comes the last thing we wants to see—the perishin' awful child that lives in the place.

"Good afternoon, Billy," I ses. "Is your ma at home?"

He took out the toffee apple he was suckin', an': "No," he ses, "she's watchin' Mrs. Green's television, an' I'm protectin' the castle. Ho! Varlets! Come to my aid. We are attacked!" He whipped a bow an' arrow from behind him, an' I thought he was goin' to let fly with the thing, but mercifully he pointed it at the ground.

"Stand back!" he ses. "Don't you see my men at-arms rallyin' round me? You are outnumbered. Withdraw, before I take you prisoner."

"Right, Billy boy," I ses. "We was only callin' to see if your ma wanted some firewood choppin', or any other odd job done; but as she's busy we'll call back some other time. But that fine toffee apple looks near to bein' finished: would you care to drop along to Mrs. Crossland's shop, an' I'll buy you another to take its place—seein' it's Coronation Day, an' we should all be celebratin'."

"Avaunt, you catiffs!" he ses, brandishin' the bow an' arrow. "These lands are under my protection—an' anyway, Mrs. Crossland's shop's shut today. Will you buy me one tomorrow?"

Well, we had to promise, an' the artful little gossoon pinned us down for the time we'd be at the shop. We made a move towards the houses further along, but he was after us, callin' to his "men-at-arms," an' we could see there was no future in hangin' round any longer, so we made off.

By this time Mike was as cross as a wasp.

"You an' your bright ideas!" he kept mutterin'. "Where've they got us today? We're as wet as we was at the point-to-point, an' I've lost the seat of a pair of pants, an' part of a decent shirt; an' then there's the price of Mrs. Major's drinks; an' toffee apples to buy that little bastard off tomorrow—for if we don't get him none, he'll go squealin' to his ma, an' she'll be blackenin' our names, an' sayin' we was up to no good on Coronation Day."

Well, considerin' Mike's usually one to look on the bright side, he had me quite worried; but I felt it was up to me to get him a little free entertainment of *some* sort, so I bullied him into his best suit, to go along to the village hall for the do in the evenin'.

It tuned up at seven thirty, an' to start with we thought the whole affair was goin' to be a dead loss. The vicar's wife was whackin' out tea an' plates of ham an' salad, an' there was Sammy Crossland's watered cider in jugs at another table.

Mike was all for turnin' round an' goin' straight home; but I told him a plate of cold ham was better than nothin', an' when we got down to it, it was *good* ham. An' then, when we was arguin' as to whether Sammy's cider or the tea would do our stomachs most harm, an' we'd just settled for the tea, who should come in but Major Holly Walmersley.

He came straight over to us. "I promised you boys a quid when you pulled me out of that dam' ditch at the point-to-point," he ses. "I suspect the pair of you'd undermined the bank, but we'll forget about that. I've been racin' to Kempton, an' backed three winners, so I'll make it a quid apiece, instead of one between you—by way of interest."

He saw the cups in our hands. "Don't tell me you're drinkin' *tea*!" he ses, lookin' as shocked as we felt at the prospect, an' he whipped a flask out of his hip pocket, an' filled those cups to the brim with what could have passed for tea when it came to colour; but for the smell an' taste of the stuff—well—we felt we had to get outside of it quick, in case some of the ladies came near an' got intoxicated on the lovely fumes.

From then on everythin' changed for the better. The major kept attendin' to those teacups, an' there was sausage an' mash an' steak puddin' laid on when the ham was finished, an' we ended up with a sing-song.

When we set off for home it was a fine night, our bellies was warmed with good food an' liquor, an' we each had a quid in our pockets—honestly earned.

I shook hands with Mike at his door.

"Goodnight, old friend," I ses. "It's not been such a bad endin' to the day, after all."

"It hasn't," ses Mike. "I reckon we wasn't meant to do any fiddlin' on such a day as this. God save the Queen."

"You're right; an' the first thing I'm going to do tomorrow is meet that child that kept our feet on the right path, an' buy him a toffee apple."

"I'm with you there," ses Mike, "but I'm takin' no bones to the widow Temple's dog."

END

Amateur With A Sewing Machine (*Continued from page 36*)

to a depth of 2 in. Then, with a hot iron at once press down the fabric turnings on to them. The damp heat will loosen the glue which stiffens the buckram and stick the turnings fast. At corners pleat the turnings neatly to the angle.

Lay the lining, wrong side down, over the stuck-down-turnings side of the buckram. Fold in lining turnings all round to ½ in. smaller than the buckram and slipstitch them down to the pelmet turnings.

To hang the pelmet from a pelmet board, fix its top edge with tin-tacks or drawing-pins to the front thickness of the board, starting at the exact centre of both board and pelmet and working tautly outwards both ways towards the wall.

DIVAN COVER FOR A SITTING ROOM

THIS cover (illustrated at the top of page 35) requires 5 yds. of studio tweed or a similar firm, crease resisting material. Again the measurements given are for a 3-ft. bed of the same depth as before and the material is assumed to be 48 in. or wider.

Cut the top 76 in. by 38 in. Cut one long side border (76 in. by 8 in.) from the narrow part-width left over and the second side border below it, also running lengthwise. From the remaining material cut the end border (38 in. by 8 in.) and the frill strips, 13 in. deep, across the width. About seven frill strips will be needed. Making is much like that for the bedcover in the colour picture, but with the border interposed between top and valance.

Make 11½ yd. of piping from left-over material. Join the border strips to their respective top edges with piped seams, then put the cover wrong side out on the made bed and pin up vertical seams joining the border pieces at each foot corner, making these a snug fit. Make up and seam frills in place, also with piping, as described for the first cover.

TWO-PIECE DIVAN COVER

This neat and practical cover (shown in the black and white picture on page 36) consists of a permanent under mattress cover with the valance attached and a daytime cover which, can be whipped off at night leaving the bed base still attractively frilled all round.

The material required is 2¼ yd. of hessian or ticking; 3 yd. of Rosebank striped cotton 36 in. wide. This is for the base cover. For the bedspread you will need 3 yd. of 50 to 52 in. wide plain material.

Cut the hessian under-cover 76 in. by 38 in. and stitch a 1-in. hem along the bedhead edge. Cut the frill pieces, each 13 in. deep, across the material from selvedge to selvedge, using eight complete widths. Make up the frill and seam it round three sides of the hessian as for the piped bedcover, but without the piping. Hem the bedspread ends. If liked, round off each corner to avoid a floor-trailing point.

THE STRIPED CURTAINS

THESE short curtains should finish 2 in. to 3 in. below the sill and have a top heading. Add 6 in. making allowance to the length of each. Stitch bottom hems, 1 in. wide (curtain), ½ in. wide (lining). Lock the fabrics together and slipstitch side hems. Check and mark length from hem upwards to rail and 2 in. above this level fold down the curtain singly to the wrong side, trimming off the lining to end ½ in. only above rail level. Along the wrong side stitch on Giraffe-Rufflette tape with its top edge along rail level, covering the raw edges of the heading. Every 3 in. to 4 in., insert in the tape Giraffe-Rufflette hooks, specially made to keep a deep heading from drooping.

STRIPED COVER FOR THE HEADBOARD

WHY not provide an uninteresting headboard with a decorative "slip-on" matching the bedcover? Take an exact pattern of the headboard by placing newspaper against it and creasing this round the wooden edges. Measure the headboard thickness and when cutting allow half this, plus ½ in. turnings. Thus, for a board ½ in. thick, allow ¾ in. all round (turnings plus half-thickness). Cut two pieces this size and shape, stitch a narrow hem along the bottom of each, then seam their other sides together in tea-cosy fashion. Sew tapes at each bottom corner to tie to the bed-frame.

END

Summer In Fabrics

(*Continued from page 29*)

with a subtler shine. Marchingtons make some very attractive cottons with the pattern woven in—I saw one with narrow sky-blue stripes an inch apart on white—and, both sides being alike, these should save amateur home dressmakers many a headache. Woven cottons take some finding, as there are far fewer around than the imprinted kind—but demand creates supply.

The flurry in cottons may have been caused by the relentless advance of the synthetics, with their laboratory names: ardil, dynel, fibrolane, cyron and Ny-Ce-Lon (both blends) we have just heard of; orlon, acetate, and well-heralded terylene we are getting used to; nylon is part of our lives, and rayon we have almost ceased to think of as a synthetic at all. We have come full circle: "synthetic" used to mean *ersatz*, a make-do; now these materials are displaying such undreamt-of properties in their own right that the natural fibres may find themselves left behind. The synthetics pack without creasing into tiny space, are feather-light and rarely need mending.

Until quite recently nylon was semi-transparent and only suitable

for evening dresses and lingerie; now, however, it can be completely opaque with a beautiful smooth finish unlike any other material, and this development, coupled with complete crease-resistance, will make the *bouffant* style fun to wear for the first time. Next month the British Nylon Spinners are opening a new factory at Pontypool which will triple their output. Stockings will come first, as they are quickest to make, but they will be followed by more of the opaque weight material, and we shall want all they can supply. The only thing against nylon seems to be its price. This summer, however, Kayser Bondor are launching Ny-Ce-Lon, a blend of nylon and rayon for underwear which looks, washes and wears like nylon jersey, and is half the price.

Cyron, which resembles worsted, but is cheaper and resists creasing, is another blend—this time of nylon, rayon, and ardil. Ardil is made from the protein of groundnuts, and has so far only been used in blends with other fibres. It is similar to wool, but is mothproof and shrinkless, and also cheaper. It gives both "body" and softness to winter suits, topcoats, curtains and carpets. The I.C.I. are to produce more of it next year.

Fibrolane, made by Courtaulds, is also only used as a blend as yet; it, too, is a wool-type protein fibre, and mixes particularly well with rayon to make blouses and warm underwear. Orlon and dynel are both imported from America and thus comparatively rare : dynel may revolutionize blankets and children's clothes, since it cannot catch fire nor stain.

Orlon dresses may be found in the shops here and there; like nylon, it is light, non-creasing, requires no ironing after washing and can be permanently pleated : in addition it comes in any weight from wool jersey to taffeta, and is non-fading. The price is about the same as nylon.

Terylene (which has been developed simultaneously in America as Dacron) is to come into the shops generally next year, when the I.C.I. open a new plant. It will be in two weights, woolly and silky, and again has all the virtues of nylon (non-shrink, non-crease, non-absorbent, etc.). You can find it now in "Supalene" lingerie, and occasionally in a skirt—we photographed one for our February issue. It is never incognito.

There seems no end to the mixtures, and it becomes harder to keep up with the manufacturers' enterprise, to identify, and define the purposes of the dozens of new blends. One great asset is preventing wool from shrinking, which is caused by the interlocking of the fibres : put a synthetic thread in between and this cannot happen. An important finish for synthetic fibres is silicone-proofing, which renders them water-repellent while remaining porous. Sekers have been very imaginative both in mixing synthetic with natural fibres, and two different natural fibres together. They have sheer nylon striped with rayon or cotton; silk, mohair and rayon; acetate and spun silk mohair (resulting in a stiff damask brocade), and silk and mohair for suits and coats.

Ascher have warp-printed pure silks for grand occasions, on which the huge irises and roses are impressed *before* the smoky grey or lilac of the background is woven in, thus giving a blurred effect. Original blocks a hundred years old are repaired and used again by Ascher. The famous tiny Dior roses used on silk and cotton in pink, blue and yellow were from a block cut in late nineteenth century, and I saw a pure silk stole—cheap at £10—in a design of flowers and birds printed in sixteen colours from mid-nineteenth-century blocks, which had taken the original craftsmen a year to make.

Fabrics have never been so exciting as they are today : life is throbbing through the industry, scientists are experimenting with new fibres, mills weaving new blends, manufacturers producing new finishes, designers inventing new patterns . . . there is a new world of lovely fabrics to explore.

END

Two Garden Plans

(*Continued from page* 32)

invariably draughty, poorly lighted, and most unsuitable for the successful cultivation of any plants. Paving is ideal here, the formal area so created being screened from the garden side by a planting of shrubs. If you want plants, however, they should be of a type which will endure the uncongenial conditions. A good shrub for such a place—although it deserves a better—is our old and well-tried friend, laurustinus, or *Viburnum Tinus*, to give it the proper name. It flowers in the winter, and the evergreen foliage is pleasing at all times. The despised common laurel, too, can be used here, and is at any rate a most useful evergreen—but please avoid the dreadful variegated aucuba.

Modern new gardens are usually divided by chain-link or wire fencing, giving no privacy at all. The only rapid means of achieving a screen is to plant one or other of the quick-growing conifers, such as *Chamaecyparis Lawsoniana* or one of its numerous varieties. *Thuja Lobbii* is another fast-growing evergreen, and there are many others. These are sure to make a good screen with reasonable rapidity, but they are hungry feeders, and their roots will rob any border into which they can penetrate.

Where time can be allowed for the making of a screen which is both practical and ornamental, I prefer to plant a beech hedge, and I have seen a most effective use made of this plant by planting a mixture of the common variety and the purple-leaved form. Although not an evergreen, a clipped beech hedge retains its leaves throughout the winter months, and the rich red-brown colour of the dead and clinging leaves makes a splendid background and is very satisfying on a dull winter's day. If you can harden your heart when planting the beech hedge, and cut every plant down to half its height, you will eventually have a much thicker and better hedge. (*Continued on page* 76)

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S AMAZING NEW

Miracle Discovery with Vitamin A for Dry or Lined Skins

Vitamin-Lanolin Formula

ONE of the most *news-making* discoveries has just been announced by Madame Helena Rubinstein. It is a remarkable new preparation called Vitamin-Lanolin Formula. It is the first positive help for thousands of women whose dry or lined skins do not respond to ordinary care.

It is the only beauty formula combining two ingredients that have never before been used together. One of these is Vitamin A and the other is a specially refined Lanolin. Vitamin A brings new beauty to the surface of women's skin. Lanolin works below the surface to help replenish the important moisture that smooths out lines and wrinkles.

Vitamin A gives skin daily needs

Skin with Vitamin A deficiency becomes dry, flaky, easy prey for troublesome skin conditions. Now, for the first time in beauty history, Madame Rubinstein puts Vitamin A to work in her exclusive new Vitamin-Lanolin Formula. Skin becomes smoother, younger-looking, ready to respond to a pretty make-up.

Amber bottle guards Vitamin A

Vitamins deteriorate when exposed to light. So Vitamin-Lanolin Formula comes in special amber bottles that guard its precious contents.

New Formula is for all

Women of all ages will find Helena Rubinstein's new Vitamin-Lanolin Formula the most fabulous beauty treatment they have ever used for their faces and throats. But, in addition, this remarkable fluid is also a marvellous skin smoother for elbows, ankles and dry body areas. And Madame Rubinstein brings this sensational product within reach of every budget. In two sizes: 9/9 and special economy size 17/3.

Helena Rubinstein

3 Grafton Street, London, W.1 Paris New York

For such internal, formal boundaries as are required, and where the desired concealment cannot be achieved by more informal planting, there is no quicker growing or more useful plant than *Lonicera nitida*. This will make a thin evergreen hedge very quickly, but, where there is sufficient space to allow for a certain amount of "spread," I advocate the use of some of the barberys, such as *Berberis Darwinii* or *B. polyantha*. These produce flowers and a glorious autumn show of berries and rich foliage tints.

Paths should be as few as possible, and they should have an essential purpose; that is, they must lead somewhere. A path which comes to a dead end is a dead loss in a garden. In my two simple sketches I have suggested one design with a diagonal view of the garden, and the other with a central path. Both these designs permit considerable latitude in adapting them to the particular circumstances in which they are to be used. In either case, there should be a viewpoint at the end of the path. Areas of grass should be as wide and dignified as possible, and not cut up by numerous small flower beds.

As for the plants which are to decorate the garden, a most important aspect of garden planning, it is essential to discover whether or not the soil contains lime. If it does, rhododendrons, most of the heathers, and all other lime-hating plants must be eschewed. It is important to remember that all forms of *Erica carnea*, the dwarf, winter-flowering heather, can be grown on soil in which there is lime or chalk.

When choosing plants do not concentrate too much on any one particular flowering period, as this will provide a feast of colour for comparatively short times, with long blanks before and after. Aim at as long a flowering season as possible by grouping plants which will extend the season from earliest spring to the middle of winter. In sheltered places beneath shrubs where there are cool conditions plant the Christmas rose, *Helleborus corsicus*, and fill all bare spaces under trees and shrubs with spring flowering bulbs —and colchicums to brighten the autumn days, but do not plant the latter where their large leaves, which appear in the spring, can embarrass smaller neighbours.

In the herbaceous border, too, the plants can be so arranged as to provide a long flowering season. Large groups of any one particular kind should be avoided in small gardens; a miscellany, chosen with an eye to their colours, will give a greater variety and a longer season. Late flowering plants such as michaelmas daisies, dahlias, sunflowers and so on should not be grouped, but should be judicially spread so that the border is attractive throughout the season.

The annual border, which is a pleasant and bright feature of any garden, however small, can be utilized before it is time to plant it with annuals and biennials, with bulbs, which are over and lifted before the main planting.

Never forget that shrubs can be of major importance in the small garden. They need little care, and provide more permanent beauty than almost anything else. I have suggested groups of winter flowering shrubs on both of my designs, and these should consist of such kinds as hamamelis, viburnums, cornus mas. Winter flowering cherry (*Prunus subhirtella autumnalis*) and dwarf kinds such as sarcococcas and daphnes.

The dogwoods, the snake-bark maples and some willows and birches provide rich winter colour by their colourful stems and bark.

END

Fan Letter (*Continued from page* 38)

an issue of it; that was one of her virtues. She lived in a comfortably old-fashioned house at Twickenham, tended a garden, paid occasional visits to a newly married daughter, and kept an eye on a son who had just entered college. Yet, she was youthful and attractive, and completely at home on a tennis court or dance floor. Sometimes, Owen found himself drifting into vague thoughts of marriage, of settling down.

He called Fay to explain that it would be impossible for him to get over that evening, and in her usual way she understood perfectly.

He hung up feeling doubly guilty, but as he shaved and showered, the guilt was washed away under the impetus of Riordan's letter. Fay, the Nelsons, all these quiet people with their quiet ways were in a position only to look back. He had been like that himself for twenty-three long years. Now he could start looking ahead.

On his way in the car Owen had his first serious qualms. What if the girl were a horror, smeared with make-up and done up in a dress that would make her look like a child parading in its mother's clothes?

Heavy with these forebodings he rang the bell of the Vaughn flat. A small, plump woman with a harried look opened the door.

"Oh!" she said, "Please, do come in, Mr. Thatcher."

Inside, a large plump man was watching television. He stood up and seized Owen's hand with a numbing grip.

"Well, well," he said. "I remember you from the time Mrs. Vaughn and I were keeping company up in the balcony of the Tivoli." He laughed. "They were great pictures you made. They don't make them like that today, do they?"

Owen felt a pleasant glow. "No," he said, "I'm afraid they don't."

Mr. Vaughn shook his head soberly. "No, they don't." He cleared his throat and studied Owen in a puzzled manner. "But what I wanted to ask, Mr. Thatcher, is about this thing tonight with Carol. I don't see——"

"Walter!" said Mrs. Vaughn warningly.

"But I don't see——"

As far as Owen was concerned, Carol did not make her entrance a moment too soon. And, he thought, his forebodings vanishing away on the spot, it was quite an entrance.

She swept into the room and poised there briefly so that he could take in the dress, all rose and grey, the dark hair, high cheekbones, and clear, wide-set eyes.

Then, in one continuous, surprising motion, she swooped upon her mother, kissed her, kissed her father, patted him fondly on the cheek, thrust her arm through Owen's, turned him towards the door so that he nearly stumbled over his own feet, and pulled him through.

"Carol!" Mr. Vaughn's voice was booming as the door closed.

"Quick!" said Carol, and she and Owen fled down the stairs, Owen feeling strangely like a culprit fleeing from the police, until they were in the car, and the car was moving. Then Carol leaned back breathlessly and looked at him with a wicked smile.

"I convinced mother," she said, "but I'm afraid I didn't do too well with father. I think he had a list of questions all made out for you, and then a man to man talk ready. I can't stand man to man talks, can you? And I know what they're like, because I get them all the time."

"About what?"

"Oh, about being impulsive mostly. I'm terribly impulsive, and father is very strong on that fools rush in where angels fear to tread idea. Only, the way I see it, it isn't being an angel that makes you afraid to tread; it's being afraid to tread that makes you an angel. And once you're an angel I think you're pretty much in a position where you could tread as you wanted, but you've never really learned how! It's awfully ironic, isn't it?"

It was then that Owen realized he was having a perfectly wonderful time.

TWILIGHT TIME proved to be all the good things the critics had said about it, and Carol, Owen was pleased to see, was an audience worthy of it. She sat quietly, taking in every line with rapt absorption, and in the lobby during the interval she discussed it with wit and good sense. She also said to him, as they headed for their seats at the start of the second act, "A lot of these people know you, don't they? I mean, the way they look at you as if they wanted to come over and say hallo, but weren't sure that you'd like it."

He said, "More likely they're trying to remember where they saw me and who I was, and wish I'd speak up and tell them."

"I suppose," Carol observed, "it's something that happens to everyone famous who retired a long time ago. And, you know, there's something nice about that. I mean, the way a sort of glow remains so that you're always a little different from other people. I think *I'm* going to like that," she decided.

"After you're finished with your career as an actress, of course," Owen said gravely.

She looked at him delightedly. "How did you know I wanted to be an actress?"

"Oh, there are ways," Owen said.

He told her the ways when they were seated at their table in Philippe's, and after she had properly admired the room.

She made it clear she was no stranger to hard work. "Higher Schools this year," she said, counting off her woes on her fingers, "and evening classes for dramatics and dancing, and then the Academy of Dramatic Arts for a couple of years, and then tryouts, and there doesn't seem to be any end to it."

"There isn't."

"You weren't on the stage though, were you?"

"No," Owen said, "I'm strictly films. I naturally went into films because that's all I was interested in doing. I was a stunt man, and then I did some bit parts, and then I just pushed and shoved and sweated until I got myself the part I needed.

"Later on it was very nice, but for a long time it didn't look as if there'd ever be a later on."

"But there was," Carol said. The waiter placed a laden platter before her and a meagre salad before Owen, and Carol looked at the salad with distress. "Is that *all* you're eating?"

Owen regarded the salad with distaste himself. "It is," he said, and then he added with deliberation, "But I imagine the studio would prefer it. You see, I'm going back into pictures again."

Carol looked at him, her fork poised before her mouth. "Pictures again?"

"Yes," Owen said, "and it was really your letter that did it. It started a friend of mine thinking about me, and today I got his offer along with your letter. That's what I wanted to thank you for."

Carol slowly laid down her fork, and frowned at him. "But why do you want to go back to pictures? Is it an important rôle? Something special?"

"No," he said, disconcerted, "it isn't. As a matter of fact it pretty nearly means starting over again."

"Then it's wrong," Carol said decisively. "I think you're making an awful mistake."

She's only a child, he told himself; she doesn't know what she's saying. It was an effort to get the word out. "Really?" he managed to say.

"Yes, because it sounds like the same thing my father gets into about his football. He used to play a great deal."

"Oh, it is?"

She flushed at the evident sarcasm. "Yes, it is. And when he talks about the way he played in big games and what he did, that's all right, too. But then sometimes he goes down to the park to try to play with the young fellows, and that's all wrong. He can't do things the way he used to, and it looks terrible. And nobody'll tell him about it, either," she said helplessly, "because they all like him so much."

"I'm sure they do," Owen said evenly. "And if it's your impression that acting is a form of exercise like playing football, you've got a lot to learn about acting."

She spoke very slowly and carefully. "Of course, acting isn't like football. But I saw your pictures, Mr. Thatcher, and what you're doing in them isn't *acting*, really."

"Oh, it isn't?"

"No, it isn't," she said defiantly. "But it's something even better and more exciting in a way. You were just being yourself. You were being so gay and reckless and strong that it came right through the screen and made everybody feel the same way.

"But it *is* like being a football hero," she rushed on. "And it's something you *can't* keep on doing all your life, can you?"

He had the answer ready, a sharp and decisive answer, and then something cut it short in him. There was a mirror behind Carol, and he was staring at himself in it. There was a mirror in his living room, too, and Riordan's letter had sent him to it only a little while before.

He had looked at himself in that mirror, seeking something in it. Seeking what? His youth. The assurance that time had stood still for him, that nothing had changed, that he was what he had been so long ago. And he had found that assurance, because in the mirror he was seeing only what he wanted to see.

But this mirror was being held up by Carol, and was showing him what she saw. Not an actor. A daredevil with the daredevilry gone out of him. A fatherly-looking man nibbling a salad to keep his belt-line down.

He saw all this, and he saw the dream, like a piece of the candy glass used in a film set, shatter apart, and the fragments sift down into a little heap of nothing. That's all there was to it, and the only thing that surprised him was that when he saw Carol looking at him worriedly he could smile at her.

"Are you all right?" she said. "You look so funny."

"I'm quite all right," he assured her.

"But the way you looked just then——"

"I think," Owen said slowly and deliberately, "that it must be hunger. And I think that the perfect remedy would be a large order of what you're having, and then as much pastry as I can hold. You have to see Philippe's pastry to believe it. I've always wondered what it tasted like."

"But you said——"

"I know, but I changed my mind. Or, rather, you changed it for me. No more films for me."

Her assurance wavered in the face of this responsibility. "Oh, no," she gasped, "you mustn't leave it up to me. It's such a big decision——"

"But it's over and done with," he told her. And then teasing her, he said, "And I'm glad."

And then he suddenly understood with a sense of wonderment that he *was* glad. He was lightheaded with a sense of relief, with his feeling of escape from the dream. The steep, rough road ahead was Carol's to climb, and so many others all young and eager. But he had already climbed it; he could step aside now and take it easy.

Because now he would eat when he was hungry, and drink when he was thirsty. He would ride when his legs ached, and if he chose to walk he would walk slowly when he felt like it. He would be able to glance at a mirror without a quick sense of fear. He would put on eye-glasses and see what the world looked like.

And when he came to the old-fashioned house out Twickenham way, he would know he was coming home.

END

A Woman of Two Worlds

(*Continued from page* 41)

invests the ordinary people about whom she writes with a reality which materializes them as unforgettable figures.

How can an average woman know so much of people? How can her eyes scan the whole of life, as they seem to do, from the family circle? She could not tell you herself. She settles in an easy chair with a pencil and an exercise book and enters that other world where her vision assumes the certainty of magic.

What one critic has said of her is very true. "That so exquisite a writer is also 'ordinary' is something to be thankful for."

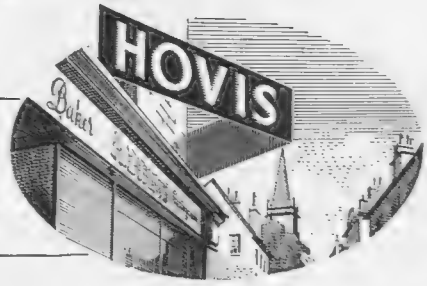
END

. . and Hovis is a balanced* bread

Who gives the family their ambitions and energy and high spirits *and* the good nourishing food that sustains them? Mother does.

Who sees that they get plenty of balanced wheat-germ bread—*and get some every day*? Mother does.

And who, incidentally, likes Hovis just as much as the children do? Mother. Not only because it tastes so good but also because she knows that Hovis is a better balanced bread.



***BALANCED:** Bran, the outer husk of wheat is more suitable for the feeding of animals; it is therefore taken out of Hovis flour.

Wheat-germ is important to the human diet and up to 8 times nature's normal supply is added to Hovis flour.

For you Madame . . .

Madame—the re-styled Britannia and EVE is an undoubted success and, as we anticipated, the demand has been heavy. It was bound to be . . . The Editor has put so much into it to please the fastidious woman and homelover. The emphasis is on EVE. Things to wear—things to do . . . to see . . . to make. And many more pages of very good reading so that you get the utmost pleasure from those few precious moments of leisure. *Madame*—we think you would be wise to place a standing order for the re-styled Britannia and EVE with your usual bookstall or newsagent. We do not think you will be disappointed.

A subscription to Britannia and EVE makes a splendid gift for a friend at home or overseas—again, your regular newsagent will gladly arrange it for you.

Good Reading (*Continued from page 48*)

—especially a clergyman—is the "Jonah" responsible. In **"Labrador Nurse"** (Hale, 16s.) she writes revealingly of her work among these hardy people, just as Dr. Donald McI. Johnson did in *A Doctor Regrets*.

Even more remote is Sally Carrighar's **"Icebound Summer"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.), an account of the resurgence of wild life on the north-west coast of Alaska under the miracle-touch of the sun, which may bring some migratory creatures 10,000 miles and send the lemmings on a mass trek to a seagrave. She tells intimate stories of seal, polar bear, arctic fox, loon, whale, a vengeful rogue walrus, exiled from the herd, which tries to tip an Eskimo off a small floe, even personalizing their thoughts and emotions, a risky thing for a naturalist to do. Above all, she communicates the cold, silence, desolation, so that you feel them in your bones. Henry B. Kane's drawings reflect the stark loneliness.

In *The Lonely Warrior* Kathleen Dickensen Mellen told the story of the Hawaiian king Kamehameha the Great who died in 1819. **"Hawaiian Majesty"** (Melrose, 16s.) is a biography of his favourite wife, Kaahumanu, who at his death insisted on her right to co-rule with his son, Liholiho, flouted the priests in her campaign to abolish tabus, married both a subsidiary king and his son, fought the missionaries and the whites who came to exploit her kingdom, then became a Christian convert castigating the sins she had herself formerly indulged in. Miss Mellen is more sympathetic towards her than Stanley Porteous, whose recent *Calabashes And Kings* displayed her banishing men and women philanderers to separate islands! An engrossing tale, this, of a dusky, designing queen in a sunny Pacific setting.

In a big game hunter's story one expects jungle killings. George Michael's **"African Fury"** (Michael Joseph, 18s.) has also a compensating humour, notably about the queer people who come to hunt and the tall yarns told over the whiskies. A Polish Count turned out in Tyrolean costume, saying of the Prince with him: "If I am shooting an impala, I *must* shoot a bigger one than the Prince shoots." A Yank who wanted lion had to compromise with wildebeest, and then at the crucial moment his false teeth jolted out. We are told that Mr. Michael prefers shooting with camera rather than rifle, but the most exciting chapters and photographs bravely belie him. He writes well.

Lourdes affects people in different ways. Even a Catholic may regard the grotto statue of St. Bernadette as in the worst possible art. On her recent second visit Frances Parkinson Keyes found rooms she had booked for her party still occupied. She was shocked, on entering the grotto avenue, by an unkempt guard in dirty cap, soiled shirt, bedraggled uniform who rushed, brandishing a cane, at women with uncovered heads, though one in the grotto itself was strolling casually about in slacks. These things, however, are but incidental to the pilgrimages which inspired Mrs. Keyes to write **"Bernadette Of Lourdes"** (Hollis & Carter, 15s.), a biography of the shepherdess, Sister and Saint as devout and touching as her life of St. Thérèse.

Like Henry Williamson, Pamela Hansford Johnson can be vividly nostalgic about London's suburbia. Her setting for **"An Impossible Marriage"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.) is Clapham Common a generation ago when youth ran to ukuleles rather than knives and coshes. She portrays girl secretary Christine in her first boy-affairs, her crush on chorus-girl Iris, "one of those 'best friends' sought by plain girls in some inexplicable spurt of masochism, feared by them, hated by them and as inexplicably cherished." First love and marriage with an egotistical ex-officer fourteen years older break under quarrels, jealousies, frustrations, a child he doesn't want. Story, background, are so real that it might be a memoir. Business girls will accept Christine as "one of us" and dote on the book possessively.

Kathleen Hewitt's *milieu* is not suburbia but the sophisticated West End of a rich, successful Juanesque poet married to a leading actress. He has the charm—and the mistresses—which demand a separate domicile with spare bedroom always expectant. "He needed women as Hamlet needed battlements, or as ballet required lighting," and as one mistress told him: "With your morals, you should be crowing in a barnyard." His pose as irresistible lover, we are warned, could be destroyed by one misadventure, and that actually happens over a voluptuous Spanish beauty. Only wife Miranda is left to blast some sense into him. **"One Man's Women"** (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.) is notable for the brilliant characterization, the glitter of party-life under the bright lights. Miss Hewitt knows her moth-and-butterfly Mayfair types.

The girl Clio in **"Invitation From Minerva"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) by March Cost has an idea for a play: "a gathering of affinities in a private house, just like this. In the first act, you would be as you are now. Hidden. In the second act, you would be disclosed. And the third act—we'd all be back together, facing what we *then* knew of each other." That, after some diverting Florentine preliminaries, is roughly what happens in the Princess Victoria's Dolomites château where loves new and old mingle in a mainly Habsburgian house-party and an avalanche brings the disclosures. Perhaps the characters talk too much and too cleverly, but it is a witty, elegant comedy of manners.

Venice, Bath, Quebec with General Wolfe, then Paris . . . what a canvas the late Samuel Shellabarger covers in his 18th-century romance, **"Lord Vanity"** (Collins, 15s.). His hero, Richard, illegitimate son of Lord Marny, is a poor fiddler in Venice to begin with. A stabbing bout with a bully lands him in the galleys, but he survives to play a vital part in all kinds of political and other intrigues with all manner of adventurers, and to love the ballerina Maritza and the irresistible Comtesse des Landes. I can only indicate the quality of this fine 440-page historical novel by saying that it is everything admirers of *Anthony Adverse* have been waiting for.

Ruth Manning-Sanders's chief characters in **"The Golden Ball"** (Hale, 9s. 6d.) are Alun Rees, an orphan who runs away to join a travelling show and becomes a circus riding-master, and his life-friend Lotto, a clown. Lotto laughs at life; Alun, with his visions, takes it seriously and feels contempt for the public who laud him for his Golden Ball, a trick contraption unworthy of a true artiste. A very human story of the sawdust ring.

Ngaio Marsh's Inspector Alleyn, trailing drug-traffickers on a Riviera holiday with his family, stumbles on sun-worshippers and black magic in a sinister château in **"Spinsters In Jeopardy"** (Crime Club, 10s. 6d.). Her occult horrors are so chilling that, any minute, I expected necromancer Dennis Wheatley to barge into the story demanding, "Hi, what's all this, poaching on my beat?"

A wife scared by maddening happenings which might be the work of a poltergeist finds that they link with a drama of jealousy, blackmail and attempted kidnapping in Ursula Curtiss's **"The Iron Cobweb"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.). The writing is slick and taut, the fear-suspense well sustained.

Other selected reading for the month includes:

"Curse Not The King," by Evelyn Anthony (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.). The story of the struggle between Catherine the Great and her son Paul for the throne of Russia. **"Galatea,"** by James M. Cain (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.), another novel of tension and suspense with all the Cain magic. **"The Locusts Have No King"** (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.), a novel by Dawn Powell set against the Bohemian byways of literary New York. **"Stand Fast, Beloved City,"** by E. M. Almedingen (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is a novel which some will call an adventure story, others a human allegory. Jon Godden's **"The City And The Wave"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is a novel of India today, with its teeming populations, mixed creeds and the conflict between ideas of East and West. **"The Other Landscape,"** by Neil M. Gunn (Faber, 12s. 6d.) a brilliant mixture of comedy, tragedy and a search of the author for a very strange manuscript.

In **"The Secret Of Keeping Young"** (Arco Publishing Co., 12s. 6d.), Dr. Victor Bogomoletz propounds his controversial theories of rejuvenation In **"He Was Not My Son"** (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.), Madeleine Joye tells the very strange but true story of how she was given a wrong child when she left the maternity home after the birth of her twins. **"In The Steps Of The Cavaliers,"** by James Alan Rennie (Rich & Cowan, 15s.), is the history of Royalist personalities of the seventeenth century presented in a highly readable form. If it were not for the photographs of James Walton and his pet wild animals, in **"My Wild Friends"** (Faber, 15s.), his experiences would be unbelievable, but seeing is believing. **"Historic Britain"** (Odhams Press, 16s.) is a lavishly illustrated record of our heritage of famous places and people. **"Western Australia,"** a camera study by Frank Hurley (Angus & Robertson, 37s. 6d.) has beautiful colour and black and white photographs of this part of Australia, supported by an informative text. A new **"Encyclopaedia For Children"** (Odhams, 25s.) is profusely illustrated in colour.

END

To Wear With Summer Cottons

(*Continued from page 57*)

off 46 (46, 48) sts. ribwise, rib to end.

Finish each side separately.—Work 1 row.

Now keeping outside edge straight, dec. 1 st. at inside edge on the next row, and then every following 3rd row until there are 32 sts. left.

Work 11½ (11¾, 12) ins. straight.

Now still keeping outside edge straight, dec. 1 st. on every row at inside edge until there are 2 sts. left.

Fasten off.

Rejoin wool to the remaining sts. and complete to match 1st side.

THE BOTTOM BORDER

With No. 11 needles cast on 2 sts.

Work in rib.

Work 1 row.

Inc. 1 st. at the beginning of the next row, and then inc. 1 st. at this same edge on every row until there are 32 sts.

Work 30 (32, 34) ins. straight.

Now dec. 1 st. on every row at same edge as increases until there are 2 sts. left.

Fasten off.

THE CUFFS (MAKE 2)

With No. 11 needles cast on 32 sts.

Work 12 (12½, 13) ins. in rib.

Cast off ribwise.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece with warm iron and damp cloth.

Sew side and undersleeve seams with narrow backstitch.

Using a narrow backstitch sew on collar and borders.

Overstitch mitred edges.

Join narrow edges of cuffs.

Sew cuffs to sleeve edges. Turn back and tack in position. Press seams.

END

Summer's Back

(Continued from page 55)

remove discoloration once it has become deeply pigmented. Prevention is the only real cure. The cleanse-stimulate treatment right up to the nape of the neck, given regularly, will prevent the discoloration.

Make-up for the back is as desirable as make-up for the face, but it must be very subtly applied. For evening and formal occasions, use Max Factor's Pan-cake Make-up, not only because the skin tones can be matched up imperceptibly, but also because this make-up can be "buffed" to prevent it coming off embarrassingly.

A mat make-up is not in keeping with sunbathing or sports occasions. Something more natural looking is required to give a healthy sheen to the skin, to act as a sun-tan preparation if needs be, and at the same time add a warm glowing tan tint while the real tan is coming along. All these properties are combined in Elizabeth Arden's Sun Gelee. It comes in two tones of light honey-gold or *café au lait* brown.

So much of the beauty of the back depends on the form and play of muscles. Shoulders that are too thick, the merest suspicion of a dowager's hump, backs that are too meagre, and shoulder blades that are too sharp, fall short of the standards of perfection. Limbering up exercises will release new beauty to the back, as tension is relaxed in spine and shoulders. Massage by a professional masseuse is even better for achieving the perfect modulation on which beauty of the back so much depends.

Elizabeth Arden has a back and shoulder massage treatment which is adjusted to each individual. In the case of over-thick shoulders, the massage aims at breaking down the fatty tissues, releasing nerve tension and restoring suppleness to muscles which have become tense through bad posture. Maria Hornes also varies her back and shoulder salon treatments to suit individual requirements. Her treatment for a thin back is a combination of massage and exercises, which are carried out at home after the salon treatment is given. This is particularly good for older women, for muscles tend to relax as the body gets older and the tightening of the muscles is extremely important in keeping the back young and supple.

END

Check-up On Your House

(Continued from page 53)

sources of trouble which may occur in the future.

Paintwork.—Assuming the general condition of outside paintwork to be reasonable and a complete repaint not yet due, take a look round for odd places where the paint is obviously worse than the rest of the exterior. This can indicate poor workmanship when the main job was last done, but in any case is likely to reveal places where rot may set in. Peeling paint at corners of doors, for example, usually means water in the wood. Procedure is to remove loose paint, preferably with a blow-lamp, give the bare wood a coat of priming paint, and fill the cracks with putty, plastic wood, or filler compound—one of the proprietary brands of mastic caulking compounds sold in tubes at ironmongers and looking rather like putty, is suitable. Then give two coats of good quality undercoat and a finishing coat. Badly rotted wood should be cut out and replaced.

Check up on any other places where paint is peeling off—e.g., windowsills, porch columns, gates—and treat in a similar manner.

Brickwork.—Sooner or later the mortar binding together exterior brickwork succumbs to the weather and the hard outer surface becomes cracked and crumbly until in bad cases it is possible to push a knife blade right through between two bricks. This is an extreme case calling for complete (and expensive) repointing. However, walls exposed to prevailing winds and rain, and patches of wall from where a climbing plant may have been removed, deteriorate most quickly. Check up on any obvious loose mortar. If the area is not too large it can be tackled unaided. Scrape out the loose mortar with a pointing trowel, wet the joints and fill with a stiffish mix of mortar (one part cement, two of sand and a little water). The mortar should slope slightly outwards so that rain runs off not *into* the brickwork.

Stucco and cement rendering.—Wide cracks are obvious offenders and damp causers. Rain enters the crack and seeps into the brickwork behind. Hair-line cracks, though not so obvious, are equally menacing. Wide cracks should be undercut with a cold chisel, making them wider inside than at the surface. Pack with a stiffish mortar mix. Smears on adjoining surfaces can be removed with a stiff brush which will give a stipple effect and make the patch less conspicuous. Small and narrow cracks can be filled with one of the proprietary caulking compounds. Hair-line cracks are best widened slightly with the tip of the pointing trowel so that there is room to get the mortar or caulking in. Alternatively, they can be cleaned with a wire-brush and "grouted"—i.e., covered with a creamy mixture of cement and water brushed on, which fills small spaces that won't admit water.

Don't forget concrete steps to front or back door. Tiny cracks here quickly lead to big chunks of facing becoming detached.

Foundations.—Check that air-bricks are clear. Deposits of earth, leaves and so on can block these and lead to under-floor dampness and rot. Similarly make sure that earth has not built up above the level of your damp-course—the latter identifiable as a continuous strip of bituminous compound running between two courses of brickwork, usually about 6 in. or so above ground level. Where a concrete path abuts on to a house wall, look for cracks at the join. These can be filled with a slightly flexible filler. One way is to push in oakum or mineral wool to within ¼ in. of the top of the crack and then fill with caulking compound. Earth sometimes settles adjacent to house walls, leaving cavities. With older type houses lacking a damp-course these should be filled up to help rain water to drain away.

Door frames.—The joint between frame and wall is often gappy, admitting damp and draughts. Fill with caulking compound and paint over. Rotting at the foot of a door post should be dealt with at once. The rotten part can be cut out and replaced with new wood, lower edge being embedded in caulking compound.

Windows.—Here again, gaps between frame and wall admit draughts, and water can also seep into brickwork and cavity walls causing unexpected and hard-to-diagnose damp patches later on, and sometimes even rotted floor joists. Caulking the joints is again the answer, large gaps being filled with tamped down oakum.

While checking for window-frame gaps, take a look at the windows themselves. Loose putty should be scraped off and replaced, first priming the bare wood with linseed oil. Paint when putty is dry.

Hinges, too. Paint clogging and rust make windows stiff to open or close. Clean and oil. Check over damaged catches.

Gutters and drainpipes.—Rain pouring over the edges of guttering instead of running cleanly into the drainpipe may mean a clogged downspout or leaves and rubbish in the gutters, or both. Either way the job, though dirty and evil-smelling, is one that must be tackled, as clogged gutters lead to damp walls. Tackle the guttering itself first. Clean out all sodden leaves, feathers (you'll be surprised what a mess the average gutter is !). If you suspect a blockage in rain-water or waste pipes, make sure about it. In the case of rain-water pipes, a bucket of water

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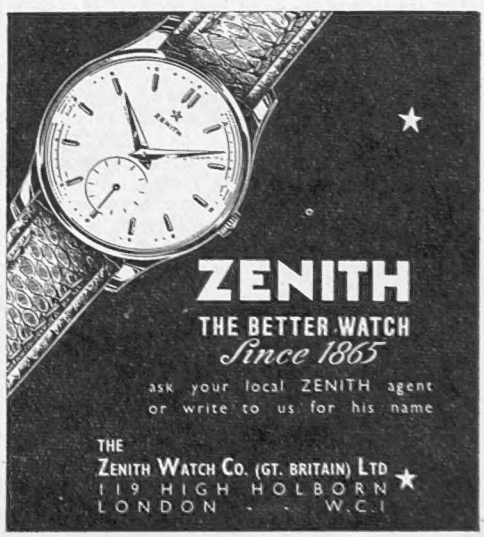
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tipped into the downspout will quickly reveal any clogging. To test waste-pipes, run a bath or couple of basinfuls through and watch for cracks, possibly caused by winter frost. Cracks of this nature are dangerous and can cause much damage through water seeping into the house wall. Leaf-guards in the down-pipe openings are a good investment. Non-galvanized piping and guttering may need repainting.

Roofing.—Look for loose, broken or missing tiles or slates. One loose tile usually leads to many more if left unattended. And several loose tiles or slates are just asking for a winter gale to take hold and lift half the roof off.

Take a look at the cornice over bay window or porch. These usually have a metal canopy forming a drip edge. Damage here may have let water get into the wood and start off rot.

Chimneys.—Danger point here is the metal flashing round the base of the chimney at the roof joint. A good coating of bituminous paint is a good preservative. Slight signs of rust can be treated with an application of roofing cement. Loose mortar in the chimney stack itself should be attended to by repointing, and any cracks in chimney top between stack and pots should be cemented or caulked.

Outdoor ironwork.—Any rust on iron gates, veranda railings and the like, is an indication of the need for repainting. Loose paint and rust can be removed with a wire-brush. Coat with red lead, aluminium paint or other recognized metal undercoating, before putting on finishing coats.

END

Check-up On Your House

Ring The Change On Rabbit

(*Continued from page 58*)

in tablespoonfuls into sizzling hot fat. They should be crisp and golden. Incidentally, sweet corn fritters, which take next to no time to prepare, are a perfect complement to crisp fried bacon for breakfast.

FRICASSEE

This is a very good dish and easy to prepare. Here are the ingredients :

1 rabbit
2 oz. margarine
1 tablespoonful flour
Pepper, salt and parsley
6 oz. fat bacon
1 onion
1 pint milk

Cut the rabbit into serving portions. Melt the margarine in a saucepan, fry the onion rings lightly until they are transparent, but not brown. Remove the onion and lightly fry the rabbit portions, which also must not be brown. Remove the rabbit, stir the flour into the hot fat, then add the milk, as if you were making a white sauce. Season, bring to the boil, then return to the pan the rabbit, the onion and the bacon, cut into shreds. Cook very gently for 1¼ hours, then add a sprinkling of chopped parsley, and cook for a few minutes longer. In winter I add some peeled and parboiled chestnuts to this dish, half an hour before serving—you might make a note of that. At this time of the year I serve it with new potatoes and a delicate vegetable : young peas or beans are perfect.

RAGOUT

This is a pleasantly hearty dish. You will need :

1 rabbit, cut into joints
2 oz. fat (dripping or suchlike)
1 pint stock or water
1 tablespoonful flour
1 each carrot, turnip, onion
Salt and pepper
1 sprig rosemary
Parsley

Heat the dripping till smoking hot, fry the floured joints of rabbit till golden. Remove and fry the sliced vegetables. Remove the vegetables, add a little more dripping, and stir in the flour. Cook till golden brown. Add the stock gradually, stirring so that it remains smooth, bring to the boil, then add the rabbit, the rabbit liver, heart and kidneys, the vegetables, the herbs and the seasoning. Stew gently for 1½ hours, adding a little gravy browning if necessary. You may also add a few scraps of bacon if you have them about.

RABBIT MARINADE

The Belgians have a way with rabbit, marinating it first in wine and vinegar, as follows :

1 jointed rabbit
1 cupful red cooking wine
½ lb. well-soaked prunes
2 tablespoonsful vinegar
1 bouquet garni (bay-leaf, parsley and rosemary)

Cover the rabbit pieces with the wine and vinegar, adding enough water to cover, and the pepper and herbs. Soak for twenty-four hours. Then melt a little margarine in a pan, dry the pieces of rabbit and fry gently. Remove the rabbit, stir one tablespoonful flour into the fat, then add the marinade, stirring well. Return the rabbit to the sauce, add the prunes, season well, and simmer for 1½ hours. You can add a little redcurrant jelly to this at the last moment, if you like.

Or you can turn the marinaded rabbit into a very tasty pie.

SAVOURY RABBIT PIE

1½ lb. jointed rabbit
1 onion
½ lb. diced vegetables, e.g. celery, carrot, etc.

For the seasoning :

1 teaspoonful brown sugar
½ teaspoonful dry mustard
½ teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful pepper

Marinade the rabbit with wine, vinegar and herbs as for previous recipe, leave to soak for twenty-four hours. Fry the rabbit until brown, and the onion, in a little margarine. Arrange the rabbit and the mixed, diced vegetables, in a deep pie dish, sprinkling with the seasoning mixture as you go. Half fill the pie dish with the marinade, adding more water if necessary. Cover with pastry which should not be rolled too thin. Try making it with the new vegetable-fat shortening, Spry, which will be on the market after May 10. Pierce the crust to allow the steam to escape and cook in a fairly hot oven (Reg. 6, 400 deg. F.) for fifteen minutes. Then reduce heat (Reg. 3, 340 deg. F.) and cook for a further forty-five minutes.

And lastly that terrine I mentioned.

TERRINE

1 good sized rabbit
1 clove garlic
1 bayleaf
Rind of half a lemon
½ lb. liver sausage
¼ lb. mushrooms
1 sprig rosemary
A little thyme
1 cupful cider or white wine
Aspic jelly

Slice the meat thinly from the rabbit and marinade for a few hours in the mixture of wine, garlic, onion, herbs and seasoning. Then mince all the very small pieces of rabbit, with the liver, the heart and the kidneys, and mixed with the liver sausage. Boil the rabbit bones in as little water as possible, adding a few herbs. Make an aspic with some prepared gelatine—half an ounce to half a pint of rabbit stock. Line an earthenware dish with pieces of fat bacon, cover with a layer of the minced rabbit and liver sausage, then the slices of rabbit, then a few sliced mushrooms if you like; a touch of garlic, too, for authenticity. Continue the layers until the dish is three-quarters full. Now pour on the aspic mixture, add a bayleaf and another sprig of rosemary; cover with a greased paper and the lid of the dish. Place the dish in a larger pan half-full of water. Cook in a very slow oven for at least an hour. Allow to cool, then place in refrigerator until you need it. A perfect hot-weather dish with a good salad.

END

Canoe Neck And Beads

(*Continued from page 56*)

Change to No. 11 needles.

Next row.—K.

Thread 270 (300, 300) beads on to a separate ball of wool.

Continue in bead pattern, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 5th row until there are 135 (143, 151) sts., and then 1 st. at each end of every alternate row until there are 143 (151, 159) sts. Work 1 row, ending on wrong side of work.

Commence sleeve borders. 1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 1 tbl, p. 1, work to the last 3 sts., p. 1, k. 1 tbl, k. 1.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, p. 1, k. 1 tbl, work to the last 3 sts., k. 1 tbl, p. 1, k. 1.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, (k. 1 tbl, p. 1) twice, work to the last 5 sts., (p. 1, k. 1 tbl) twice, k. 1.

4th row.—Sl. 1, (p. 1, k. 1 tbl) twice, work to the last 5 sts., (k. 1 tbl, p. 1) twice, k. 1.**

Now keeping 5 sts. at each edge in rib in this way and the remainder in pattern, work until sleeve edges measure 5½ (5¾, 6) ins., ending with a row on the wrong side.

Shape Top Sleeves.—Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 (10, 12) rows.

Shape Back of Neck.—Next row. Cast off 2 sts., work 41 including the st. already on the needle, cast off 41 (45, 49), work to end.

Finish each side separately. Following row.—Cast off 2 sts., work to end.

Now continuing to cast off 2 sts. on alternate rows at sleeve edge, cast off at the beginning of next and alternate rows at neck edge, 5 sts. once, 4 sts. once, and then 2 sts. until all sts. are eliminated.

Rejoin wool to other side at neck edge and complete to match first side.

THE FRONT

Follow instructions for the back from ** to **. Now keeping 5 sts. at each edge in rib, work until sleeve edges measure 5 (5¼, 5½) ins., ending with a row on the wrong side of work.

Shape the Neck. Next row.—Work 59 (62, 65) sts., cast off 25 (27, 29), work to end.

Finish each side separately.—Work 1 row.

Cast off at the beginning of next and alternate rows 4 sts. twice, and 2 sts. once, ending at sleeve edge.

Shape Top Sleeve. Next row.—Cast off 2 sts., work to end.

Now cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until there are 15 (18, 21) sts. left, and then continuing to cast off 2 sts. on alternate rows at sleeve edge, cast off 1 st. on alternate rows at neck edge until all sts. are eliminated. Rejoin wool to other side at neck edge and complete to match first side.

THE CUFF

With No. 13 needles cast on 140 (150, 160) sts. **1st row.**—* k. 1 tbl, p. 1; rep. from * to end. Rep. this row for 3 ins.

Change to No. 11 needles.—Work 3 ins. Cast off in rib. Work 1 more the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side and shoulder seams with narrow backstitch, but overstitch welt ribbing.

Join narrow edges of cuff pieces and sew cast-on edges to neck edge with seams matching top sleeve seams.

Commencing at left shoulder work 1 row of double crochet, working into each st. right round cast off edge of cuff, turn. Work another row right round working into the same sts. as before. Press seams.

END

1.5.54

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